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INNISFAIL;

OR, THE

IRISH SCRIPTURE READER.

Narratives of Facts.

In the name of our God let us set up our banner,
The fairest and freest that ere was unfurl'd ;
Aloft let it rise o'er the mountains of darkness,
And float on the breeze to the ends of the world.

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PREFACE.

THE manuscript of the following Tales was placed in my hands by the Author, with a request that I would peruse it and judge how far the publication of it in England might, under the blessing of God, be the means of increasing the attention of the Christian public to the importance of assisting the Irish Scripture Readers in their pious and arduous labours. The manuscript had been previously submitted by the Author to some personal friends in Ireland, who take a deep interest in forwarding the blessed work

of Scriptural instruction in that country, and who well know the persecution which the Scripture Readers have frequently to undergo, and also the blessing and encouragement that a merciful God vouchsafes them in the prosecution of their labour; of the last of which I was a witness when I was in Ireland. Of the truth of the tales I have no doubt. The profits arising from the publication will be devoted to aid the cause which they advocate.

JOSEPH WILSON.

*Clapham Common,
March, 1841.*

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INTRODUCTION.

"WHY were these things kept so long from us?" said a poor Irishman, when he had learned to read in his native tongue the glad tidings of Redeeming love. The question appears a simple one, yet many who are ranked among the wealthy, the powerful, or the talented of Erin's children may find it difficult to answer. Nay, many who have been actively engaged in sending the blessed Gospel of their Lord and Saviour to distant lands—many who have rejoiced to hear that it has been translated into almost every known language, and preached to almost every nation under heaven—may lay the poor Irishman's inquiry to heart and say, "Why have we so long kept it from our own?" Well does the pious and truly exalted individual to whom that poor man's question was addressed, observe,

"There is much, I am sure, to answer for in the long neglect of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, denied (as they are) our great advantages. May God increase the desire which there now seems to act to his glory, in caring for them!"

Who that grieves over the awful witness which every day's record bears against his native land, will not from his heart respond to the kind expression of this wish? Who that loves his country, will not rejoice that the everlasting Gospel, when translated into the Irish language—the language of the poor man's heart—seems to possess in its utterance a charm to loosen the bolts and bars that had been drawn against the heralds of salvation, and open wide to them the door of almost universal welcome?

From the loneliest solitudes of Erin's lovely isle, the voice of blessing on the Irish Society ascends unto heaven. Mountain regions, where discord waved her blood-stained flag, or dreary silence reigned, now echo to the Irish hymn of praise; and, as if God's Word alone should have the glory, it is not where cultivation smiles, nor where science sheds a bright but oft delusive ray, that "the Sun of

Righteousness hath arisen with healing in his wings," and given the glorious promise of our country's deliverance from the cankered fetters of ignorance and superstition with which the prince of darkness has so long bound her, a poor, miserable, guilty, unresisting slave. Hark! to the voice of entreaty. "Come over and help us? We thirst for the water of life! We perish while you are in abundance. 'Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.'"

Irishmen! by whom is the appeal made? Not by the New Zealander, the Hindoo, nor Afric's sable children; but by your own,—the natives of the long-neglected land that gave you birth. They ask you for the Bible—the Word of the living God, of a redeeming Saviour,—in a language which they can understand. Will you not respond to the call, by enabling the Irish Society to give it to them, and rejoice, each according to his ability, to chase away the clouds that surround you? "Freely you have received;" freely cast into the treasury of your all-bountiful Lord. We cannot suppose that the Divine command, "Go, preach the Gospel to every creature," should lose its influence at home. It is

rather want of consideration than lack of Christian sympathy, that has deprived our poor people of that treasure which we have not hesitated in contributing, to bestow on regions that have never heard of Erin's name. Oh! how would the natives of the torrid tone, or Greenland's ice-bound shore, marvel were it said to them, "A people who have aided in sending the tidings of great joy to you, have in their own bosoms, natives of their own Island, hundreds of intelligent immortal beings, to whom the full and free salvation set forth by the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was never proclaimed in a language which they could comprehend."

It has indeed been said—"Teach the people English, and in that language open to them the Word of Life." But what has been the result? Centuries of ignorance has stamped the project vain. The Irish Society, warned by experience, and directed from above, have now presented to the poor of our country the everlasting Gospel, through the heaven-chosen medium of the native tongue, and wonderful has been the result. The blessing of God has gone forth with the Irish reader on his way. Hundreds have been brought from "darkness into

light," and thousands are studying that sacred Word which is able to make them wise unto salvation, and which, in numerous instances, has proved doubly blest both to master and to scholar. Nor does it unfrequently happen that the ability to read the Bible in the native tongue, generates a desire to study it in English; and thus, in a way which was considered most unlikely to effect it, a much wished-for object is being attained. Do we indeed believe "that the night cometh when no man can work?" Let us then before we die, have the consolation to reflect that our day was not given to us in vain. Oh, may each and every one of us who enjoy the blessed privilege of possessing and studying the Gospel of their Lord and Saviour, feel his love, constraining them to impart that only imperishable treasure to the poor children of their native mountains;—these who are truly weary and heavy laden—not weary of labouring to gain their daily bread—for they are generally willing to work, and grateful if work be given—but weary of the burden of sin (from whose dominion they have never been taught to seek deliverance here), and whose penalties they expect to expiate by suffering hereafter, unconscious that their great High Priest, a

mighty Intercessor, hath passed into the heavens, having made a full, perfect, and sufficient atonement for the sins of the world.

Much has been boasted of the power of combination; and experience has proved the boast not unfounded. Let us profit by the lesson we have been taught, and combine for the noblest purpose that ever bound together the heirs of eternal blessedness, in one sacred bond of heaven-cemented union. Behold the Bible Society meets us on our way and holds forth the pure, the full, the unadulterated Word of God, in a language which our poor ignorant people can understand—a language, round which the cords of early association and grateful remembrance are entwined, and to which every heart-string makes reply. Do we need schools?—Are teachers wanting?—All, all shall be supplied. We have seen the first sheaves brought in. Who then shall doubt of an abundant harvest? The great Shepherd's voice is heard upon the mountains: his sheep know that voice, and answer to the call. Daily, hourly is the little flock increasing. They are coming; the weary wanderers have heard the joyful sound; the deep glens and ocean cliffs have

echoed to the Gospel summons; they are hasting; the place is too narrow for them; the fold must be enlarged to let them in; the guests are ready, and shall a table be wanting? Oh no! let it be told to these faithful stewards, to whom their Lord (now in a far country) has committed talents of silver and of gold, charging them to "occupy until he come:" let it be made known to them that the apartment in which these poor but faithful worshippers assemble, is full—full to overflowing—so that many that would enter in must stay without; and they will not "give sleep to their eyes, nor slumber to their eyelids, until they have found out a place for the mighty God of Jacob." Who shall set bounds to Christian liberality, exhaustless as the fount whence it flows? How often has it sprung up, and from perfectly unexpected sources, refreshed the Lord's ambassador; when oppressed with a sense of his people's wants, and his own inability to supply them, he has prostrated himself before the mercy-seat, and with lively faith and deep humility, rolled the burden of his cares upon his God. To be summoned to the help of the Lord against the mighty—to be made instrumental in raising the banner of the Captain of our salvation—to see that sacred

banner spreading its protecting shade over some of the wildest solitudes of Erin's long neglected land—is surely a theme of rejoicing; the purest and the highest of which man's immortal nature is susceptible, and in which the angels that circle Jehovah's throne rejoicing, and those that do his embassies of love below, can mingle. Yes, we must and do rejoice, that the day-star from on high is rising upon our poor benighted country; that the Divine blessing has of late been so remarkably manifested upon the labours of the Irish Society; that the Lord of power and might has raised himself up witnesses for the truth among the wildest of Erin's children; among those who cannot write, read, nor even speak one word of English; and who, twelve months ago, were strangers to that blessed Saviour, for whom many of them now would deem their heart's blood too poor an offering.

We do rejoice, not that converts have been made from one sect or denomination of Christians to another, but that Jesus Christ has been set forth and embraced, “as the only name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”

In the humble hope of aiding a cause so glorious, the following pages are now presented to the reader. The tales of Erin, are not tales of fiction, but simple fact in simple language told; for any attempt to refine the genuine expressions by which the poor Irish convey their feelings, would be to polish off all that may render them attractive.

THE IRISH INSPECTOR.

Oh ! blest be the power that can newly create
A heart that is sunk in rebellion and sin ;
And blest be the friends that work early and late
To cheer that lone heart which was darkness within.

THE ingenious author of the " Miseries of Human Life," has not, we believe, among the many annoyances there enumerated, included that of being wearied and worn out by the heartless exchange of unmeaning civilities ; so that the extreme of bodily fatigue seemed light in comparison to the mental exertion of what is termed entertaining visitors, whose conversation awoke no chord of responsive interest, but fell like a chill and heavy weight upon the delicately-constructed springs of thought and imagination.

The very opposite of this—the calling into exercise of every sweet and of every Christian feeling—love, gratitude, and humility—the writer has enjoyed

while conversing with the subject of this chapter. Is he numbered among the children of affluence?—No! Deeply read, or highly educated?—No! Gifted with extraordinary talent?—No! In what, then, consists the charm of his society? He has passed through the hands of that

“Celestial Alchymist, whose skill untold,
Can, with a touch, turn all our dross to gold.”

Love to his Divine Master seems everything to, and has done all things for him: so that it is difficult for the gayest votary of pleasure, or the proudest heir of this world's prosperity, to witness the independent, yet humble demeanour, the unobtrusive, yet self-collected bearing of D—, though but a poor Irish Inspector, without an involuntary feeling of respect.

The rules of polite society, which an admired writer has so eloquently explained, and commended to his son, may communicate an artificial gloss to a rough and unpromising exterior, and, in the absence of a higher principle, keep in check naturally rude or selfish qualities; but, like weeds whose heads have been cut off by an unskilful gardener, they will rise up at every shower of contradiction, and, though artfully concealed from the eye of public investigation, poison or embitter the sweet springs of domestic enjoyment.

The Almighty Spirit that moved upon the face of the waters, and reduced a chaotic mass into order, life, and beauty, can alone expel the evil weeds rooted in the human heart when man, by disobedience, fell. St. Paul has drawn for us, in the 13th of the 1st of Corinthians, a true and glowing picture of the essential quality in which consists not only the theory, but the practice of true politeness, and the sovereign influence of this Divine principle, while it refines the manner changes the heart, and gives to it an adaptation for the society of the blessed in heaven. Can it, then, be a matter of surprise, that the scholar of so great a Teacher should be an instructive and entertaining companion? No! surely; and we only wish that we could communicate to others a feeling of that delight with which we have heard this humble follower of his crucified Master expatiate on the riches of redeeming love, and the wondrous ways by which the Lord of Glory accomplishes his Divine purposes. "Ah!" said ——, and he laid his hand on his open Bible as he spoke, "there is no cross that we meet with here below, but we shall yet find adding, as it were, a sparkle to our crown of rejoicing."

THE SAND-PIT.

Cease from man, and man's assuming,
Sunniest days may end in glooming;
Disappointments that dismay'd us,
May be only staffs to aid us.

"I WAS on my way lately," continued —, "to examine one of the Irish schools in my district, and under my arm I had a parcel of Irish Testaments. It was a fine bracing morning, and, reading my book as I went along, without looking only now and then before me, I never noticed a pit on one side of the road until I was fairly lodged at the bottom of it. Stunned I surely was by the fall, but not to say injured. The Lord saved me from breaking my bones. Two men that were working near, seeing what had happened, kindly came to help me out. I picked up my books as well as I could, and, thanking them for their civility, was going on, when one of them ran after me with a Testament

which he had found in the pit. 'If you knew,' said I to him in Irish, 'what is in that book, you might not be so ready to part with it.' 'Why, then, what is in it?' said he. 'Only have patience and listen,' says I; and with that, opening at St. Paul's First Epistle to Timothy, chap. i. 15, I read, 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' 'In that case,' says the boy, 'he must have come to save me, for I am a great sinner.' 'Never doubt it,' says I: and so we went on, he walking by my side, and I reading and explaining to him, till the desire entirely possessed him to have the book. 'What use would it be to you that cannot read the Irish?' said I. 'Can't I go to an Irish school, that I know of, and learn to read it?' answered the poor boy. However, being willing to try him a little more, I told him that I was going to the town, about two miles off, and that if he came to me after Divine worship on the next day he should have the Testament and the blessing of God, and my blessing with it. Well, the next morning I was balancing in my mind whether he would be as good as his word, and, as the day drew on, I began to be afraid of him; when up comes the boy, quite out of breath, after hunting for me all over the town. Indeed, I take blame to myself

for having forgotten in my haste to tell the poor fellow where I lodged. Being now altogether satisfied as to his sincerity, I gave him my best advice, and my heart's prayer went with him, when he buttoned the Testament under his coat, close enough to his heart, and signs by; that boy is now the very first reader in the Irish school, and preparing to be an Irish teacher himself; having received from the blessed Word the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus: so that my fall into the pit, which, when I felt myself stunned and a little bruised, I considered to be a misfortune, was, through the blessing of God, the means of rescuing a poor ignorant sinner from the power of Satan and the pit of destruction; and I hope that it will be a lesson to me all my life long."

"Yes; and to me too, ——."

"Oh, then, may the Lord richly bless it to you! for surely we need every one of us, high and low, to remember, that though there be now and then a little darkening of our sky, yet, in the end, He maketh all things work together for good to those that love him."

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Our Irish-speaking peasantry,
 In quest of truth, grow daily bolder ;
 And little children soon will be
 Far better taught than many older.

It is difficult to preserve in a written detail, be it ever so faithful, the originality and pathos by which some of the Irish expressions find their way direct to the heart : and there was a simple earnestness in the manner of —, a kindling up of countenance as he spoke, a smile on the lip when his theme was one of joy, and a sadness in the eye when he dwelt upon any darker shade of his people's character, that at once interested the feelings in his subject, and made the scenes that he described pass in mental vision before the listener. At one time, speaking of his own experience, he said, " I was in the depths of ignorance when I first of all took in hand the Irish Testament. It was then that the

blessed Word which I was endeavouring to make out, caught hold of my heart, and never let it go until, one by one, I was fairly beaten out of all my entrenchments; for I was, as it were, barricaded up, and fought hard before I would let myself be freed; and it is just the same way with many of the Irish teachers. They begin with no wish, but just to earn something by instructing others to read the Irish Bible. By and by, the Word of God rubs off the scales, and they see the light; at first dimly, then clearer and clearer, till the perfect day breaks in, and they go on their way leaping for joy. Let only the Word of God have free scope, and it will work on; and why not? Is it man's devices that will stop the sword of the Spirit from cutting right and left when once it is drawn out of the scabbard; though, for our good, we may have a trial of patience now and then, just to let us see that the work is the Lord's. And so I told our dear precious minister it would be at Ventry, where twelve months ago, though not one convert, that is, openly avowed, could be found—I knew how many spent the long winter evenings over the Irish Bible; ay, and many an hour of the night too; and when our other noble friend began to be disheartened, didn't I tell him to wait a little longer and he should see great things. And haven't my

words more than come to pass? Look at Ventry! when Mr. G——r himself, with his coat off to be light for the work, and his brother minister to help him, with myself, and the Irish readers, and as many boys as we liked to call, set about throwing two old cabins into one large apartment for a school-room—a pleasanter day than that I never hope to spend—Mr. G——r laughing for the life of him, and cheering us all on; and, though our tools were none of the best, we did great execution. ‘Please your Reverence,’ says one of the boys to Mr. G——r, ‘how long was the battle of Ventry Harbour in fighting?’ ‘A year and a day, as the old story goes,’ replied Mr. G——r. ‘Ay, but the battle that we’re now engaged in will last not a year and a day only, but all our lives long,’ said the boy; and with that there was great applause. But I beg a thousand pardons for taking up your time in this way. Sure ’tis yourself knows how that same school-room grew, and how the great lady, now a saint in heaven, helped Mr. G——r to furnish it; and how neat it looked with the forms, and the desks, and the nice pulpit: so that it would puzzle a knowing eye to make out our old friend the mud cabin. But the crown of all was to see the congregation assembled there, crowding outside, that had no room, and the beautiful service of the Church

of England ; and himself (that's Mr. G——r) in the pulpit declaring the blessed truth, that the ' blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Myself was of some use, instructing the converts from Dunquin, and others that had no English. But when the Lord gives Mr. G——r his heart's desire, to have an Irish-speaking clergyman fixed at Ventry, and a church large enough to hold them, why then we shall have a jubilee in earnest."

THE IRISH EXAMINATION.

The testimony and the law,
 From both our rule of life we draw :
 But oh ! the Gospel's blessed voice,
 It makes our very hearts rejoice.

"It would have done your heart good to have been at the last meeting of the Irish teachers at Ventry. The school-room was full, from top to bottom, with teachers and scholars. At the upper end stood Mr. G——r, myself at the lower, and the Curate of Dingle on one side. When we had sang a hymn and prayed, Mr. G——r gave out the questions in English—my business being to translate them into Irish for the teachers, and to receive their answers again, giving the sense of them in English to Mr. G——r. It was fine to hear the scriptural replies of these poor unlearned men, many of them having contended for the truth, and suffered for it too! and one (I mention his name

with honour), Sullivan, was the first who had the courage in the face of day, of the people, and of the priest (for himself was walking up and down the road with a horse-whip in his hand), to bring his infant into the school-house to be publicly baptized by Mr. G——r. These are the freemen of Kerry, the unshrinking hearts to whom she is to owe her true liberty; and to see them giving an answer for the hope that was in them, with the Word of God in their hands, and his love in their hearts, standing in that very school-room which the Lord had prepared to shelter them, was enough to melt a heart of stone; and when the examination was over, the Curate says to Mr. G——r, ‘Never till this day did I feel the great value of the Irish Society. I had the advantage of you, for knowing Irish well I understood the teachers’ answers, and all I can say is, that from this hour you have me bound to the cause, heart and hand, for ever.’ Was not that a nice hearing for Mr. G——r and myself?”

THE TRIUMPH OF KERRY.

The Paradise of earth, 'tis known,
 And soon for mental cultivation,
 Old Ireland's pride it shall be shown,
 And every country's admiration.

is a glorious sight," said —, "to behold, never we go, the Lord opening a door to let the Society in. More than half of my sand is run and I may not long be spared to testify to the ; but I have two sons (fine boys) ready and ing to take up the cross when my poor hand hold it no longer; and if we consider the great gs the Lord has done for us lately, who would be strengthened to persevere? Why, it is gh to be a Kerry-man now, to have notice those high in station. In Dublin city itself, re I was called up lately to attend a meeting he Irish Society, in a grand round room called Rotunda, a noble lord (I believe his name was

Lord Roden) addressed his discourse entirely to the Irish teachers; and if the tears did not come into our eyes, and our hearts burn within us, at all the kind things he said, and the way in which he said them. He seemed to forget altogether that he was a great man, and to feel quite and exactly like one of ourselves; or, perhaps, he might be thinking too much of the glory of the Lord of all, for human distinctions to be cumbering him. As to myself, I don't know how I felt: my very heart was melted within me, to see so many of the Lord's people assembled, and Kerry cutting such a figure; and, just then, who should I see standing on his tip-toes, but our own Mr. Bob. He caught my eye in a moment, and gave me a look, as much as to say, 'Well, D——, isn't this a great day for us?' There's no use in talking, but it got the better of me entirely;—the grand room and all the company began to swim before my eyes, until I fairly wished myself back again in Dingle. But some way or other I was cheered, and strength put into me, by the wonderful things the Lord was doing for poor Ireland—the hundreds and the thousands that were reading the Bible in the native tongue at King's Court and elsewhere—but nothing to be compared to the great work at Ventry. And when it was all over, and we were

going out, to think of such an honour (for the truth's sake) being put upon a poor ignorant man like myself, as for a lady to shake hands with me, and invite me to spend the evening at her house, where, to be sure, I was genteelly treated and well examined, and had a power of questions to answer about Ventry (where the famous old battle was fought), and where the Lord has gained a victory and raised up a standard that the enemy cannot beat down, though they come in like a flood against it. To all these questions I gave satisfaction according to my ability. But I was grieved afterwards to discover, that in my fear of saying too much, I had underrated the number of converts. But if God spares us to give in our accounts again, we shall do it with the more joy, and especially as I hear for a certainty that Mr. G——r intends shortly going to England, where the people are as rich as they are generous; and just telling them about Ventry, and Dunquin, and the Blaskets—about the church, and the clergyman's house, and the schools that he hopes to build—as wonderful a story as ever was told, and withal a true one."

THE ATTACK.

He stands in safety, 'mid the raging foe,
Man cannot strike, till God permits the blow.

“CHARITY beareth all things;” and never was this Divinely-inspired assertion more sweetly exemplified than by the manner in which — related his miraculous deliverance from an enraged multitude who, resolved upon his destruction, had assembled against him amid the wildest solitudes of his native mountains:

Where the grey mists their fleecy mantles spread,
Above the awful cliffs of Sybil Head.

A young man inhabiting a neighbouring village (whom — had been instrumental in bringing to a knowledge of the truth), had a mother lying on the bed of death. The son had spoken to the parent, of that precious Saviour so lately found; and she longed to hear from the lips of the Irish teacher

something that might cheer her fainting spirit ere it passed into the world unseen. Her son accordingly sent for —. Though ever ready to attend the call of duty, yet he was a husband and a father; and the consciousness that his helpless family depended on his salary for their support, might have added to the tenderness of his affection towards them. He had been informed that a storm of priestly wrath was gathering round his head; and that on the preceding Lord's-day, a curse had been pronounced from the altar on all that should hear or harbour him. But the command was given to go forward, and forward he went.

It was as solitary a road as foot of pilgrim ever trod. There the wide ocean spread its apparently interminable waters, rushing into the deep caverns, or breaking against the rocks in foamy pride. And there, arose these lofty mountains, and steep cliffs that seldom meet the stranger's eye, save as objects of terror to the midnight mariner: a scene more desolately grand can hardly be imagined. Not a tree,—scarcely a human habitation relieves the mind from the contemplation of nature's most awful characters. Through these deep solitudes the Irish inspector bent his way. He was alone; save his God and his Bible, he had no companion. The sword of the Spirit was the only weapon he knew

to wield ; but that he felt to be a defence both on the right hand and on the left. Unmolested, he approached the village, and as he entered the cottage of the dying, his salutation of "Peace be with you!" was answered feebly but gratefully by the poor woman, who lay on a bed of straw in one corner of the wretched cabin. The young man, her son, sat near the bed, and at a little distance stood a woman and a strange man, who regarded — with a watchful and menacing aspect.

Unmindful of his dark looks, the messenger of peace spoke to the poor sufferer of the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and exhorted her to cast her soul for pardon and for peace on Christ Jesus, and on him alone. The dying creature clasped her hands, and by short but fervent exclamations expressed that she received comfort and hope from his words. He then knelt down and prayed "that the Lord might be with her in the valley of death, and receive her soul into everlasting life;" and was about to read some verses in the Bible, when the man whom he had before observed, rudely seized his arm and exclaimed, "Enough of this! You will be soon dealt with as you deserve, and your preaching put an end to." (The priest was so angry with that poor dying creature for allowing her son to listen to you, that

he refused to prepare her for death, until a woman, who expected to be a mother, knelt down to implore him; and her he could not refuse, knowing that if he did, the child would not live.) "So begone from this, without you wish to bring your blood to the bed of the dying; for if you stay here five minutes longer, the house will be pulled down over your head. They are coming that will give you your wages for all the converts you have made." The poor woman, on hearing this, stretched out her feeble arms to —, as if to protect him from his enemies. But he told her not to fear for him, for the Lord, whom he trusted, would be his shield. Her son, who had been anxiously looking out at the door, now came in and whispered, "D—— to fly for his life, for that he could perceive a crowd, armed with sticks and stones, approaching the house." — calmly put up his Bible, and telling the poor woman that he hoped they would yet meet (justified spirits before the throne of God), he left the cabin and crossed to the opposite side of the road, where a steep cliff arose and extended for some distance upon his homeward way. He had scarcely walked a hundred yards, having the rock on one side as a defence, when he perceived a number of people coming in a tumultuous manner towards him. He saw their angry looks, and heard

their savage cries ; and though he felt as if the bitterness of death were near, he was not dismayed, nor did his presence of mind for a moment forsake him.

They commanded him to stop, which he did ; and raising his voice to its loudest pitch, demanded, in the name of God, to be quietly permitted to speak a few words. " As he asks it in the name of God," said an elderly man who was a little in advance of the rest, " let us hear what he has to say."

" I ask you, then," said —, " in that great and awful name, why you have come out against a man who never did you any harm, and only wished you good ?" " Our answer is," replied the first speaker, " that we are resolved to have your blood, because we know you to be a spy, and a turn-coat ; and our priest told us last Sunday that you have one hundred pounds from Government for every one you can get to leave the true Church. You have already taken two boys out of this parish by your arts and your Bible reading. One of these has just run off across the fields to bring the police upon us ; but we will settle you long enough before they can come ; so prepare for death, for we will make short work with you." " You may murder me, to be sure," said D—, " for I have, as you see, no power to resist you. But hear me protest, before

you commit so great a crime, that what you have heard of me is a black and detestable falsehood. I never was promised one farthing from Government. I am a poor man, like yourselves, as you all know; and if to read the Word of God in our own native tongue, to those for whom the King of glory shed his precious blood upon the cross, be a crime deserving of death, then you are free to dip your hands in my blood; but remember you will have to answer for it before God; and mind I tell you, that if you kill me, there will be three Irish teachers sent in my place. You will have the military upon you, and not one of you will be suffered to escape." A silence of some moments followed this appeal;—for there is a dignity in true courage, to which the most savage natures pay involuntary homage. At length several voices called out to the man who had first spoken to —, "What are you about? Do you intend to stay talking to the apostate till the police are upon us? Out of the way that we may have at him." "I will not stir a step until he answers me one more question," said the man. "Then take your chance with him," was the reply, accompanied by a shower of stones, one of which struck — to the ground, and another hit the man near him on the head and knocked off his hat, which so enraged him, that,

picking up a large stone, he hurled it amid the crowd. A cry immediately arose that a girl was killed; and her relations pressing forward to be revenged, the battle became general, during which poor D—— contrived to get away and conceal himself in a hollow of the cliff, until the police coming up, with several gentlemen, dispersed the combatants; and D——, whose strength was now quite exhausted, found himself surrounded by his friends. The house of the neighbouring clergyman* opened its hospitable doors to receive him, and there he was welcomed as a brother. The God in whom he trusted had raised dissension among his enemies; and thus, like St. Paul, he was delivered from their murderous hands. But it was sometime ere he recovered the hurt in his back: his frame had received a general shock; and when he thought of his wonderful preservation, the fortitude which stood the hour of trial gave way, and he wept like a child.

An individual who had been listening with deep attention to D——'s simple and affecting detail of the circumstances just related, indignantly exclaimed, "What cowardly inhuman wretches, to attack a defenceless man, and thus repay all your

* Rev. G. G.

kindness!" "Ah, Sir!" said D——, with a look that might have become the beloved Apostle, an expression of benevolence and compassion in his pale but fine countenance that well evidenced how truly the charity which beareth all things, was his—"Ah, Sir, blame them not; they knew not what they did. A few years ago, and I might have been led to act the same part, and even thought that I was doing God service. All praise be to his holy name, who has called me out of such darkness into his marvellous light."

THE LANDSCAPE.

All around us, all above,
Speak thy praises, God of love :
Lake, rock, mountain, flower, and tree,
All unite to worship thee.

READER, should you feel no interest excited by the humble individual with whom, for the last few pages, you have been conversing, close the book, or seek a more attractive subject, for my heart's desire is to win, not weary you. But if, on the contrary, you think that a poor Irish Inspector may prove a more agreeable and instructive companion than many with whom it has been your lot to feel time pass "with leaden pace and slow," I would invite you to a seat in a window, commanding one of the loveliest landscapes in Erin's isle, and direct your glance across the lake to the wooded sides and Alpine summits of Glenna, or where Mangerton extends his giant front of mountain solitude, and

Torc, in softer and more beautiful sublimity, looks down upon the Paradise below; or to the right,

To mark yon ancient castle,* rising grey,
Where once the great O'Donoghoo bore sway,
And bade his mountain clans their weapons draw,
His will their pleasure, his command their law.

Or where the venerable woods of Cahirane, and the ever-varying forests of Muckcross stretch beneath; and far to the left, in one rich glow of autumnal shade, intermingled with the darkly-polished green of holly and arbutus, amid which the Abbey rears its time-worn ivyed tower; and further still, seen at the termination of such a glen as Spencer might describe, where

A fall of waters,† white with eddying foam,
Impetuous rush from out their mountain home;
Fringe the dark rocks with showers of diamond spray,
And in a winding river steal away.

And then, perchance, having thought, as the writer oft has done, If the garden of Eden (our first parents' sinless dwelling-place) was in aught fairer, it must indeed have far exceeded man's imagining, I would bid you turn from the great Architect's inanimate creation, to man, his last, his crowning work, into whose wonderfully constructed form,

* Ross Castle.

† Torc Waterfall.

fashioned according to his own image, he breathed the spirit of unextinguishable being: to man, not condemned beneath the curse of disobedience: to man—not the slave of Satan, dead in trespasses and sin—but to man, redeemed, restored, renewed; the defaced image of his God restamped upon his heart with an impress never, never to be erased; sealed with the signet of Emmanuel's dying love, and signed with that blood which cleanseth from all sin. Oh, reader! with what dignity is not that man invested, though he be but the poor Irish Inspector now before you!

Often have we seen him weary, but never dispirited. The district over which the Irish Society had made him inspector, though extensive, was not as wide as the charity which impelled him to undertake fatiguing journeys beyond its limits, into the remoter parts of this most interesting country, to speak a word of counsel or of comfort to those who knew not to express their wants and wishes by a syllable of English; and most he delighted to tell of the love with which the converts to the truth in these solitary villages received him. "Tired I was," said he, "the last time I went to Ventry, but there was rest I thought not of in store for me. Who should I see but poor Sullivan, one of our first converts, coming to meet me

with his little horse. In a minute I was mounted, and he running by my side, telling me all the news ;—how the school-house was furnished with more than sixty children, all beginning to read like any clerks ; how every Sunday there was no room for all that were coming ; how Paddy Connor was stirring up the natives at Dunquin ; and how the wild Islanders at the Blasquets were beginning to make inquiries ; and how joyful and proud the neighbours were to see Mr. G——r, on his return from Dublin ; and how himself (Heaven bless him !) shook hands with them all, as if each one of them had been his son or his brother. Body and soul was refreshed by that ride.

THE ARREST.

Speed on, thou season of repose,
When deadly war no more shall burn ;
The desert blossom as the rose,
And spears to pruning-hooks shall turn.

“ It is shame I should be taking to myself,” said the Irish Inspector, “ that I am not more willing to encounter loss for my Master. When I think of what many of the poor converts are suffering for His name’s sake—hunger and thirst, and weariness, and, worse than all, the reproaches of those they love. Ah! ’tis little the happy Christians that can read their Bibles in peace and plenty know, what a poor Irishman exposes himself to, when he resolves to follow the footsteps of his crucified Saviour. But Mr. G——r knows it, who kept many of the poor fellows alive when the neighbours would not be even allowed to sell them a potatoe. And what are their trials compared with

those endured by the blessed martyrs of ancient days? And yet I thought myself very badly used once that I was put in bonds."

"When was that, D——?"

"And did you never hear of it? It was some years ago, before you came to the country, when I was first employed as an Irish reader, just when Captain Rock was in his glory; the military quartered all about, and little need of the moon, for the burning houses at night gave light, and too much of it. I was then within two miles of Buttefant, where there were a few poor people that delighted to hear me read the Irish Bible, and the more as the troubles grew about them. There might be as good as ten of us in one poor man's house. The hour was late, so we shut the door; and, having a candle and a bit of fire, we were very snug;—the poor people listening to me and asking me questions, which I was not slow to reply to—my answers being from the Word of God—when suddenly, at the height of our happiness, we heard the tramping of footsteps outside. Presently the door came in with a kick, and after it came a great tall Corporal, followed by a score of red-coats. 'We have him, my lads,' said he, pointing to myself; 'we have caught Captain Rock in the midst of his treasonable practices. And what

have we here?' cries the hero, rudely snatching at my Bible; 'one of his law books. I'll teach him to make laws, that I will! Tie his hands I say, behind his back, and secure the other fellow. I'll give them something else to do beside burning houses!' I opened my mouth once or twice, but it was vain for me to protest that we were innocent, and only provoked oaths and bad usage: so we were marched off like malefactors, and put into the barracks at Buttefant, until the morning. The young man that guarded me was civil, to do him justice, and I did not lose the opportunity of speaking to him. He appeared softened, and, though he could not venture to untie my hands, he loosened the rope which had cut my wrists, and then I slept finely till the morning, when Sir Hugh Gough himself came to examine us. 'So you, —, have been taken heading a midnight meeting of these abandoned miscreants, who are disturbing the peace of the country,' said Sir Hugh. 'I have been told as much, Sir,' I replied, 'though it may be hard to prove it against me.' 'This here book is proof enough,' cries the Corporal; 'I found it in his hand, Sir, with all his treason written down in it.' 'Give the book to me,' said Sir Hugh. With that he took the book and opened it, and turned it upside down, with a very perplexed countenance. 'I can

make nothing of it—not I!’ said Sir Hugh: ‘in what language is it written?’ ‘In our own native language, Sir,’ I replied: ‘it is the old Irish character.’ ‘Captain Rock’s rules drawn up in Irish, no doubt, Sir Hugh,’ cried the wise Corporal. The wind is quite fair, Sir, if you think fit to send him and his gang to join the convicts at Cove.’ ‘Fair and softly, friend!’ said I; ‘there is no such hurry in the matter:’ and, without seeming further to notice the civil proposal of the Englishman—for you may be sure he was none of our own—I addressed Sir Hugh. ‘May I make so bold, Sir,’ says I, ‘as to inquire if you have an English Bible in your possession?’ ‘To be sure; I have several at my lodgings,’ replied the officer. ‘Then, Sir, if you will have the goodness to send for one, it may appear to your satisfaction that I have been accused wrongfully.’ Sir Hugh granted my request, for he was a gentleman, every bit of him: and, when the book was brought, ‘Now, Sir,’ said I, ‘be pleased to open at the first chapter in any of the Four Gospels; and I will read the same in my Irish Bible, which that honest man is pleased to call a treasonable book, verse for verse, giving first the Irish, and then translating it into English, according to my poor ability.’ So to it we went. Sir Hugh opened at St. John’s Gospel; but I had

not read ten verses, when he laid down the book, and, frowning at our friend the Corporal, 'Here is a pretty blunder of yours!' says Sir Hugh. With that, I told his Honour my name, and how I was employed by the Irish Society to read the Word of God in the native tongue to the poor, and how grateful I felt that he had given me a patient hearing. He looked at me with great kindness, and turning to the Corporal, 'You have acted,' said he, 'with unwarrantable severity. See how that good man's arms have been hurt by the rope with which you tied them! I tell you, Sir, that if there were many such men in this country, and many such books in their hands, we should have little need of blunderers such as you to keep the peace.' With that, he put his hand into his pocket, and gave me half-a-crown, telling me to get a good breakfast, and ordering the same for the other poor men. And when the troops were on parade, that very same day, he took me from rank to rank, showing me to the soldiers, and telling them to beware how they ever laid a finger on me again. And whenever I happened to meet him after—no matter where it was, or who was by—he would put out his hand to shake hands with me; and very useful I found the respect that he showed me, in these times of rebuke and trouble."

The gratified expression of D——'s countenance, while he related this anecdote, evinced how much depends upon those whom the Lord, in the order of his providence, has placed in exalted stations. Holy Writ assures us, that "the shields of the earth belong unto God." But if, instead of becoming to his poor afflicted people as shields, to ward off the arrows that are shot at them, they make themselves spears to pierce the bosoms they should have sheltered, or, sunk in the apathy of self-indulgence, use not their intrusted talent, as surely as the Word of God is true, if timely repentance be not vouchsafed them, the doom of the unprofitable servant shall be theirs.

How lovely is the reverse of the picture! How cheering to behold it, as (thanks be to God!) we do now, even in some of the nobles of our land—the pride and glory of our country! They are, indeed, in the fullest sense of the inspired declaration, the shields of the earth, moulded by the hand of Jehovah, and prepared in his celestial armoury; they feel that, 'mid all the distinctions conferred upon them, to belong unto God is the highest;—to set up His holy banner, and invite all within their influence to rest beneath its shade; to shrink not from the contest between the powers of light and darkness, but stand in the front of the battle,

reviving the hearts of the timid, and lightening the burden of the weak ; to bid religious instruction dispel the deep shadows of mental gloom ; to be the orphan's stay ; and bid the widow's heart sing for joy. These are the high privileges, the faithful exercise of which, consecrating the advantages of rank and fortune, render their happy possessors living epistles, " Known, and read of all men."

THE OLD IRISHWOMAN.

Oh, then, how old are you, Astore?
I ask it as a friend and brother.
My years have mounted to fivescore,
And now I'm counting out another.

SPEAKING to our Irish Inspector once on the difficulty of awaking the aged to even an expression of anxiety for their soul's salvation, while they are sufficiently alive to the wants of the poor perishing body; "Yet," he said, "we should not be discouraged, but labour on in faith and patience, knowing that with God nothing is impossible. And you put me in mind to tell you of an old woman, perhaps the oldest in the county—for she has numbered sixteen years beyond a century—and yet what do you think of her that repeated every word of 'Death and the Lady' for me in Irish, without once going wrong. It may be about three years ago that I went into a cabin, just a little on

the road side, not far from K——. There was nobody in the house (all being employed outside at the potatoes) but this old woman; and she, poor soul, lying all alone, was right glad of a little chat in Irish with me. I soon found that she was in the usual state of ignorance, having her hope set upon anything but the Lord Jesus; but still it was a mercy that she both could and would hear what I had to say. After stating the truth simply, as I knew it, and reading some passages from the Word of God, I asked a blessing on what had been spoken, and went my way, promising to call again. It was, as well as I remember, about that time twelve months, that I kept my word, not without some fear that I should not find her, for she had the look of great age, though her senses had all been spared, only that her eyesight was somewhat dim. But there was herself, alone as before, and right joyful to hear my voice. 'Well, Julie,' said I, 'it is a mercy indeed that we should meet again in this world. But what is that?' pointing as I spoke, to a great wooden cross that stood at the upper end of her bed. 'It is only the blessed cross, my dear, that Father —— sent me the other day, being wearied entirely with coming every month such a length of way to hear my confession. So his Reverence told me to confess my sins to the cross, which would

save him a great deal of trouble, and do me just as much good as if I confessed them to himself.' 'And never a truer word than that did he speak in all his life,' said I: 'just as much power has that piece of wood there to forgive you your sins as Father —— or any priest. There is but one that can pardon sin, and that is God—the God who has told us, in his holy Word (now in my hand), "not to make any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or the water under the earth, nor to bow down to them nor worship them." Oh, my poor woman! it was surely the Lord that sent me here to-day, to save you from committing so great a sin.' Much more did I say to her, which it would take me too long now to mention, and many were the questions I had to answer; until, the people of the house coming in, I left my blessing with her, telling her that (God willing!) I would see her ere long. But, some way or other, six months passed away before my foot crossed old Julie's threshold again. 'I am alive yet to welcome you,' said the good old creature, 'and ten thousand welcomes my heart gives to you.' 'Thank you kindly, Julie,' said I, 'but where is the cross?' 'Where should it be, but under my bed?' replied Julie; 'and you may take it away whenever you

please; I have no further use of it. To God my Saviour now only do I look, and confess my sins to Him alone, who has shed his own precious blood to wash them all out for ever and ever.' Oh, was not that a blessed hearing! I knelt down to return thanks for the mercy that had been showed her. Our hearts were opened, and we shed tears of joy together. She still lives as happy, as steadfast, as sincere a Christian, as breathes upon the face of the earth. Who, then, shall tell us that it is too late, or bid us withhold the seed, though the ground appear frozen? Only let us trust in the Lord, and 'at evening time there shall be light.' "

THE MOUNTAIN FOG.

There is darkness and mist on the pilgrim's road,
And rough is his journey, and heavy his load ;
But the clouds that surround shall in blessings descend :
Who travels in faith, shall find light at the end.

It is sweet to think, that there are feelings in which the angels in heaven, and the redeemed on earth, can mingle ; and that to both (though it may be in different degrees), a soul gained to Christ is a subject of praise and a theme of rejoicing. And never can I forget the delighted expression of D——'s countenance the last time we met.

“ I have something to tell you, and something to show you too,” said he, drawing a paper from his pocket. “ Here is a piece of Irish poetry, written by a poor young man, and if it be not taking up too much of your time, I will open a little of the writer's history to you. He had some time ago applied himself to learn Irish, and had a Testa-

ment; though, at the period I am now speaking of, he was in great ignorance. One day that he and I were travelling together over a lofty mountain, a thick fog came on, so that my poor dark comrade and I missed our way, and got into trenches and swamps. Our case was so bad, with the thick fog and the rain, that not knowing where we were going, we expected to meet our death upon this wild mountain; and thinking of my young companion, I said to the poor fellow, 'Dear William, how sad is your case!' 'Oh, Sir,' said he, 'what advantage have you over me? Sure if I perish, you are likely to suffer the same fate!' I looked at him, and that with moistened eyes. 'No, William,' said I, 'my death would be no loss to me, for heaven is purchased for me by the blood of Christ; but for you, my poor boy, what comfort or what hope have you?' There is no need of my dwelling on our further conversation—the poem explains it sufficiently. For the next three months William Roche read the Bible, and prayed over it in earnest. He has been now six months an Irish teacher, and I only hope that I am not too proud of my son in the Gospel (as he calls himself). But indeed, Mr. G——r, and all that know the young man, praise God on his account: and such dutiful letters as he writes me;—

so full of love to his Saviour is he, so humble and so grateful, and so firmly built up in the truth;—and then to think what he was a few months ago! It is the very rejoicing of my heart! Shortly after our adventure on the mountain, when poor William was suffering a great deal from the priest and his relations, he composed this poem, giving a description of his feelings; and to be sure, it is very fine in the Irish, especially the simile of the thistle, which, I am almost certain, would meet with your approbation.”

“I hope you will have the goodness to read it for me, D——?”

“Oh! with all the pleasure in the world!” and having adjusted his spectacles, and cleared his voice, he commenced with a real, rich Irish brogue, while his fine honest countenance glowed with national feeling and gratified affection, reading a poem in the dear native tongue, ever and anon glancing around an eye expectant of applause.

“It seems to chime well, D——! and, from the way you enjoy it, I have no doubt of its merit, though I do not understand a word of it.”

“More is the pity,” cried D——, laying down the paper with a profound sigh, “that ladies and gentlemen should be conversant in every language but their own; though, foreseeing as much, Wil-

liam and I were up with the light this morning, and putting our heads together, we made a translation for you, though nothing equal to the original. And here it is!"

D—— then read, with great emphasis and apparent satisfaction, what he called a poem in English: and although his and William's joint efforts had transformed it into any thing but English verse, it displayed in a manner so simply genuine the whole *mind* of the writer, and gave so touching a description of the trials to which he had been exposed—to say nothing of the truly native simile of the thistle—that we venture to lay it before the reader, having in some degree restored its original metrical garb, without, we trust, injuring either its truth or simplicity.

REFLECTIONS OF A YOUTH ON HIS PRESENT AND
ETERNAL STATE.

Translated from the Irish.

Oh ! pity the state of a poor Irish youth,
Whose heart has been touched with a love of the truth !
By father and mother renounced and forgot,
Should he dare to do that which the priest bids him not.

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The eyes will look cold that smil'd on him before,
And the hearts that once loved him will love him no
more,
Should he open the Book that to sinners was given,
And try to make out there the straight way to Heaven.

It was crossing a mountain, when cold blew the wind,
And the torrents were dashing before and behind ;
And a mist of thick darkness was over my head,
And death-dooming cliffs were all under me spread :
The fog it was dreary, the fog it was long,
And weakness came over the heart of the strong.

I thought on the day when the Lord shall appear,
And the wicked call rocks to fall on them for fear ;
When the earth should be black, and the skies should
be red,
And the graves all be summoned to give up the dead.
And to my companion, I said, " My dear friend,
Sure death is approaching, and we near our end."

" Not so," said the good man, who stood by my side,
And over the mountain till now was my guide ;
" The Lord when he pleases death's summons may give,
But then the believer in Jesus shall live.
The Word of God's truth, it is now in your hand,
Both in your own language, and at your command ;
And if you don't study to follow its way,
You shall give an account for it at the last day.
By priest, or by father, or mother, if led,
To give up your Bible, remember who said,

' The man who loves parent or land more than me,
I count him unworthy my servant to be.' "

The clouds, as he spake, seemed to fall from the sky ;
Peace came to my bosom, and light to my eye.

I said, " As the fog is departed and o'er,

So I will be groping in darkness no more :

No more, like the *thistle*—all withered and gone,

When the blossom falls off that the summer puts on—

But like the green branch of the true living Vine,

Let the world do its worst if my Saviour be mine ! "

THE PRIEST'S CLERK.

Oh, doubt not that the sainted Isle,
An Isle of Saints shall be !
That, favour'd by her Maker's smile,
Her blinded sons shall see.

“ THE REV. J. Todd gave lately to the Royal Irish Academy, a short account of the manuscript of the Four Gospels of the seventh century, and in the Irish character, which is preserved in the library of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. The volume is a small quarto, in the minute hand called Caroline, common to all Europe in the reign of Charlemagne, but now used only in Ireland, and known as the Irish character. The present volume appears to have belonged to Mael Brigid Mac Toman, who was Archbishop of Armagh in the ninth century, and died Anno Domini 925. By him it was probably sent to Athelstan, King of the Anglo-Saxons, who pre-

sented it to the city of Canterbury. The discovery of this manuscript, and the satisfactory evidence which facts afford of its Irish origin, are important, as adding another to the many instances, with which we are already acquainted, of the employment of Irish scribes in the transcription of the Scriptures during the sixth and seventh centuries. It is now well ascertained, that almost all the sacred books, so highly venerated by the Anglo-Saxon Church, and left by her early bishops as heirlooms to their respective sees, were obtained by Ireland, or Irish scribes."

While copying the above interesting article from a late paper, I could not help feeling an increase of grateful affection towards the Irish Society, labouring with unwearied kindness to restore to our poor country that treasure of sacred knowledge of which she had once been so honoured and faithful a guardian, and the intelligence just received from our Irish Inspector inspires the cheering hope that the time may not be far distant when

" ——— the sainted Isle,
An Isle of Saints shall be."

D—— had just returned from a mountain village, where in one large house he had assembled, at the evening hour, one hundred and eighty people.

"The Irish scholars had their books," said

D——, “and after they had read and given their answers, I asked the people, amongst whom were some farmers’ wives, Would they like an Irish song? You may be sure there was but one voice, and that was to have it; so I began a beautiful Irish hymn, and you might have heard a pin fall: and when it was over, we began to talk and read in earnest. It was two o’clock in the morning before that meeting broke up, and I had to go a long journey with the day-break. Well, I have often thought, if I had as much exertion in any other cause, it is long ago I would have been worn out! but the strength is none of mine. The other day a gentleman said to me, ‘I hear, D——, you are famous for converting people. Tell me, now, how many converts have you made in Kerry?’ ‘Just three, Sir,’ replied I. ‘Three—only three! Well, what stories they do tell!’ ‘Yes, Sir, these three were my converts, but all the rest were the Lord’s. These three, for a time, were vanquished by my arguments, but not by the Word of God; and signs by they went back again.’”

“It wasn’t so,” said D——, “with poor Dan H——; the blessed Word was his guide: he talked to me, but it was only to that he yielded. Hard set he often was to read the Bible which I gave him; for, being the priest’s clerk, he was

constantly under his eye. At last Dan made out a snug corner in the hay-loft, where he used to read of his Saviour's love, till his heart was melted within him. But one day, who should pounce upon him all of a sudden but the priest. It was now all over with poor Dan, and he wandered about not knowing where to seek a quiet resting-place. 'What is the matter with you, Dan?' said I, the next time I went the road. 'The priest has taken away your gift from me,' replied Dan. 'He cannot take away the press from us, that is one comfort, Dan,' said I: 'here is another Bible for you, and see that you don't let it go so easy as the last.' 'I will part with my life sooner!' replied poor Dan, and he kept his word. He is now in the presence of that blessed Redeemer, for whom, while upon earth, he bore reproach. I loved him as my own heart, and kindly he returned that love; but he was no convert of mine. It was not long before Dan gave up being the priest's clerk; and setting his heart to read the Bible for his father and sisters, the second girl learned from him till she became nearly as good an Irish scholar as himself. About this time we made him master of an Irish school, which we got up, being about twenty years of age and very clever. But during his stay with the priest, he got a cold which never

left him, and his chest becoming very painful, he came over to spend a month with me, and mighty fond my children were of Dan. Though growing weaker every day, he was early and late at his Bible. There is a large tree in my little garden, with branching-out boughs, in which the boys made seats,—they call it the school-room. There poor Dan used to sit on a fine day, studying his Bible, and conversing on the subject now dearest to him, of all the love of Him who had taken away the sting from death and robbed the grave of its victory. At length the poor fellow left us, and great was our sorrow when he bade us farewell; for well we knew it would be the last one; and sure enough he died the very day after he got home. But there were hope and comfort in his death, and his last words were words of peace. Shortly after, the priest came, and demanded the poor lad's Bible. 'I have it safe,' said the old man, 'and safe I will keep it. In this blessed volume my poor child found the truth, and here I will seek for it. I have lost my five sons: the last is now gone! I have just laid the hope and staff of my age under the clay! I have seen the green head of youth on its last cold pillow: but I am sure that my child is happy, and I will never break my word to him nor

give up the book that he left to my safe keeping with his parting breath.'

"This," said D——, "I had from the old man himself; for I was not long absent from him when I heard of his sore affliction. It was wonderful to see how his little girls could read, and the taste they had for Irish literature—the father being a fine Irish scholar, and giving the tone to the rest; so that the youngest, a wee bit of a thing, not eight years over her head, carried off the prize for Irish reading at Newmarket from all the boys—ay! and some tall men!—and brought home a Bible nearly as big as herself for a reward."

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KUCKANARO.

Great Knuckanare! exalt thine head,
 Thou lofty mountain of the dead;
 The chain of gloomy silence break,
 Rejoicing, all thine echoes wake;
 Thou far-fam'd mount of ancient strife,
 Behold thy King, the Lord of Life;
 He comes, to wage with Satan war,
 And give thee peace, great Knuckanare.

THE village of Aughrim, about two miles from Listowel, in former ages the scene of so many battles when the wild Irish chieftains met each other in deadly strife, or united to repel a foreign invader, and more recently the theatre of Captain Rock's nocturnal meetings, now assumes another aspect, and awakens in the Christian bosom a far different interest. The Irish Society has extended its arms of love to that lone village, and given to the poor inhabitants of its few humble cottages and scattered hamlets, that pearl beyond all price,

the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in their native language. To the right of the village rises Atea mountain, and to the left lowers in rude magnificence Knuckanare, or the mountain of slaughter; so named, as ancient legends tell, from a sanguinary engagement which took place there between a Scottish chief and Faun M'Cule, King of Ireland. The Scotchman having been defeated, and with all his followers and his two brave sons left dead upon the mountain, his wife Aileen, warned by dreams and omens of their fate, came in all the desolation of her grief to seek for her heart's treasure. Cold and dead upon the mountain's breast she found these dear objects of her love, and kneeling on the blood-stain'd earth, she poured over them such a lament, "that the stoutest man in Kerry," said D——, "could not read it without a moistened eye, just as it is written down in this book;" opening, as he spoke, a small volume neatly written in the old Irish character. "It is one of the finest poems in our language," continued D——, "and has been, I am told, translated into English by Macpherson." "Is it known who wrote the original poem, D——?" "Why, then, it would be hard to tell that, some ancient Irish poet, no doubt." "But, D——, I want to know what became of poor Aileen?" "Oh! she died of grief, to be sure.

What else could she do, the creature? She died, and they were all buried on Knuckanare. It is an awful mountain, and a grand view of the Shannon it commands, with all the county Limerick. But the best view is below in Aughrim, where the truth is making its own way by means of the Irish Scriptures. When the priest wanted to keep me out of that parish, my answer to him was, that, with the blessing of God, we would gain Aughrim, as we did Ventry, for we had the same good Captain to fight under, the same banner of his blood-stained cross, the same suit of glorious armour getting brighter every day, and the same men with a great increase: for my part, I can plainly see that the chain of ignorance which reaches from the priest to the Pope's toe, is snapped in two by the sword of the Spirit. There was lately sitting with me one of our Irish teachers named Timothy O'Connor, who described an argument which he had with the priest, a near relation of his own.

“ ‘ Well, Tim,’ says the priest, ‘ are you reading the Protestant Bible ? ’ ‘ You may call it what you please, but I think it is the Lord's Bible,’ replied the teacher, ‘ but perhaps you would be so good as to lend me your own Bible for a month. ’ ‘ Oh, no,

Tim,' said his Reverence, 'I could not even spare it to you for a day.'

"Very lately," said D——, "a man named John Connell brought me his Bible, and requested me to read a chapter for him. I read the liiid. of Isaiah, and the xxviiith of Matthew, so as to compare Scripture with Scripture. 'If you had called this way three weeks before,' said John, 'I could not have given you that Bible to read.' 'Is it so short a time since you got it?' said I. 'No,' replied he, 'I have had it these four years back, but a few days ago, a lad of a priest that we have in this parish walks in, and whips the book off of the dresser, and no person in the house but the children. Next Sunday he laid my Bible near him on the altar, so as to hold it up to public scorn, but the first twist he took before the altar, I whipped away my book from him, and there it is now.' 'I suppose, John,' said I, 'you will not leave it in his way any more.' 'Believe me,' replied John, 'that he has my leave to keep it if ever he gets it in his hands again.'

"On the twenty-ninth of October," continued D——, "I visited a man in the bog near Aughrim, named Sullivan. 'Well, Mick,' said I, as I went in, 'you are alive yet.' 'Alive, I am,' replied he,

'and will be so for ever.' 'What do you mean, Mick,' said I. 'Only that I believe that I shall live with the Lord for ever.' 'And, what about your wife and children, said I?' 'Oh,' replied the poor fellow, 'I am sure it was a greater work for the Lord Jesus Christ to make me believe that his blood is sufficient to wash away all my sins, than to support my wife and six children.' The evening of this my third visit to poor Mick, was so wet, and the passage to his little cabin so very bad, that the kind-hearted poor man felt for me. 'Never mind, Mick,' said I, 'you and I will have comfort for this yet. Not for our afflictions, but because we believe in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.' 'May the Lord be with you,' said he, 'and may your labours be blest!' But I was near forgetting to tell you about James Moor, a convert from Popery, and for the last six months an Irish teacher. He resides in the village of Aughrim, and was led to his Saviour by reading the Irish Testament; and it is a curious fact, that a poor Roman Catholic woman in the same village, who had heard the Word of God read for the first time, was so delighted with it, that she exclaimed, 'Oh! take and read it for James Moor, for if any thing can bring him back to his duty to the Priest, that fine book will do it.' 'Poor woman,' said

Moor, when he heard of it, 'she little knows it was studying that very book that delivered me from darkness like her own.' And sure enough, the darkness has passed from him. And I am bold to say, that you will be of the same opinion when you have read this letter, which I received from James a few days ago, when he little thought that your Honour should see it, though he has no reason to be ashamed of his letter."

"Aughrim, December 2, 1838.

"Dear Sir,—As certain circumstances have prevented me from going to Tralee at this time, you will have the goodness to forward by the bearer, Bridget Nash, my salary. I trust, that the life-giving Word, which by the grace of God is in circulation among us in our own tongue, wherein we were born, will find its way, not only into the hovels of our benighted Roman Catholic brethren, who are perishing for lack of knowledge, but into their hearts also. The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. Therefore we should strain every nerve that it might shine more and more, and pray without ceasing that God would follow his own Word whithersoever it is carried, until at length righteousness and truth be firmly established on the ruins of

error and irreligion. Michael O'Flanagan, the Scripture-reader, desires to be affectionately remembered to you. And that you may, by the grace of God, be kept to the end near the bleeding side of Jesus, is the prayer of

"Your most obedient servant,

"JAMES MOOR.

"*To Mr. Thomas D——,*

"*Irish Inspector, Aughrim.*"

TRUST IN THE LORD.

Whom in Heaven, have I but Thee,
Who on earth, but Thee desire ;
Thou hast set the captive free,
Pluck'd the brand from out the fire.

A PASSENGER on the car from 'Tralee to Dingle on his way through the little village of Avenecale, threw a tract upon the road side, on which was written, "Trust in the Lord." The tract was picked up and delivered to the Priest, who producing it the next Sunday after mass to the assembled people, demanded, in high indignation, "How anything good could be expected, when the enemy, not contented with sending Irish readers with their Bibles to disturb them, must be flinging their Tracts out of the very public cars as they passed through the country. And, only listen," he added, holding up the obnoxious tract, "only listen to what they have written on the cover,

'Trust in the Lord!' was there ever such presumption! 'Trust in the Lord,' indeed!" "What could have made him so angry?" said some of the people to the Irish Inspector, at their next Irish meeting in the village, "sure there was no harm in the words, 'Trust in the Lord,' to make him in such a great passion." "Oh," said D——, "it would have been quite the reverse, and no offence at all given to his Reverence, if whoever wrote it upon the Tract, had only made the small difference of 'Trust in the Priest.'"

Shortly after, as the same Priest was holding a station at Avenescale, an elderly man made his appearance, pulling in a young man by the collar, "Here he is, your Reverence," said the old man, "I give him up to you and the Lord! for all I can say to him is little use, every day since he got the Irish Testament he has been at it; and of late he has got a big English Bible from a gentleman. It is in vain for you to be angry with me, so speak to himself."

"You never confess now," Paddy Griffith, said the Priest, "what excuse have you for that?" "It is an evil report against me," answered Paddy, "for I am constantly confessing my sins." "And how is it that you don't come to me, you foolish boy?" "I confess my sins to God," said Paddy,

"but at the same time, I am quite willing to go down on my knees before these good people, and own that I am a great sinner, if your Reverence will do the same; for we are directed by the Word of God, to confess our faults one to another, and I believe that we are alike sinners in the sight of God, so we should in all humility counsel and help one another."

"Turn him out," exclaimed the Priest. Paddy's terrified father ran to push him out of the house, his mother wept, his aunts and cousins crossed themselves; but Paddy found an answer for them all in his Bible, and it is thought that the old people listen to him now and then, reading a chapter in the Irish Testament when the door is shut and no fear of an informer.

BLIND GEORGE.

Place not in worldly wealth thy trust,
For there are last that shall be first.—

TRUE STORY.

WE know that a day is coming when our Lord will recognise his poor despised believing people, before assembled myriads; and as he once said to a poor penitent woman, "She hath done what she could," so shall he say unto them, "They have done what they could; they have been faithful over a few things, I will make them rulers over many things." However humble the sphere, or narrow the circle in which a Christian moves, he cannot be wholly useless, for the Apostle says, that he is "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that he should walk in them." These good works may indeed pass unobserved by the world around, the evidences of the poor man's faith may appear

too trifling even to attract the notice of his fellow-Christians; but there is One, upon whom the humblest heart-offering is not lost; One who regards with approval even a cup of cold water, given in love to Him. Then let not the child of poverty be cast down or discouraged, when he reflects on the Lord's great mercy in giving his Son to die for him, and the few proofs he can afford of his love to his Saviour by doing good to his brethren. The sweet promises of God assuring him of acceptance in the Beloved, are as so many staffs upon which he can lean while passing through life's stormy wilderness, and if the outward evidences of a renewed heart be thus accepted by his Heavenly Father, how much more will the believer's spiritual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, of prayer for himself and for others, ascend up before the throne of grace perfumed with the incense of the Redeemer's righteousness, and be heard of him who hath declared by his holy apostle that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." It is not until that day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest, that we shall discover how much of our national mercies and blessings, how much of the success of our Bible, and Missionary, and School Societies have been granted

to the prayers of poor obscure individuals whose names are unknown beyond the limits of their respective parishes, and perhaps it will be only then that we shall be able fully to understand the Apostle's meaning, when he says, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." (1 Cor. i. 27—29.)

George H—— was the second son of poor parents, in a remote parish in the south of Ireland. His father, an honest and industrious peasant, endeavoured to support his family by constant labour, and his mother, a pious woman, strove to bring up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The early delicacy of George's constitution induced his father to give him the best education he could afford, with the hope of his obtaining the situation of schoolmaster, and thus being eventually enabled to support himself. Little did his father then think that the great burden of maintaining

almost the whole family would have afterwards devolved upon poor George!

Having continued at the parish school until his fifteenth year, the necessities of George's family were such, that he felt it necessary to exert himself, and contribute as much as he could to their general support. He accordingly opened a small school for young children in his father's house, by which he earned a few shillings in the year, though his desire to acquire knowledge made him still continue at intervals to attend the parish school. Even at the early age of eight or nine years, George had felt concerned for the salvation of his soul. One evening, as he was returning from school with other boys of his own age, they met a poor man, who entered into conversation with them; and, amongst other serious observations, remarked, that "although they were young in years, they were old in sin." This remark, which at first surprised George not a little, sank deep into his heart. Until then he had thought himself a very good boy, and his soul in a safe state. But now, he began to fear for himself, and to wish for instruction, though he felt a sinful shame of avowing his secret anxiety. At length his eldest sister, an experienced Christian, one long and deeply tried in the furnace of afflic-

tion, having noticed the depression of his spirits, induced him, by her kind sympathy, to reveal the secret cause of his sorrow. To her he opened his heart—from her he received encouragement and support. “They took sweet counsel together.”

Soon after poor George had felt this fresh spring of comfort arising in his heart, it pleased the Lord to send a faithful and pious minister to the parish, who took delight in instructing the younger part of his flock in the Word of Life; and under his fostering care George daily increased in spiritual wisdom, and that knowledge which alone maketh wise unto salvation. At the age of nineteen, his pastor appointed him to a school in the parish, and procured him admission into the Education Society’s Training School, Kildare-place, Dublin; and a little after, through the same kind friend’s exertion, he was chosen as master of a school just then opened in another parish. To this school he was appointed in the early part of the year 1821, and during nine years, his exemplary conduct not only secured to him the confidence and esteem of the local proprietors of the school, but his gentle, affectionate manner, won the hearts of the children, and gradually subdued the prejudices of their parents.

George’s native parish lay on the sea-shore; and although, at intervals, some well-cultivated ground

might be seen, yet the general appearance of the country was extremely wild and dreary. In some parts of the parish (which is very extensive) you might travel for miles without seeing a tree, a hedge, or scarce even a bush. The habitations of the peasantry were generally of the most wretched description, surrounded by bog and barren rock, extending a dreary, cheerless waste, without presenting aught on which the stranger's eye might rest with pleasure. From amongst these rocks smoke is frequently seen rising, and, on nearer inspection cabins appear, built so, as that the rock forms either the side or end wall of the hut, or perhaps both. A few small patches of potatoes, barley, or oats, may here and there be discerned wherever soil of sufficient depth could be found to reward the toil of cultivation. Such was almost universally the face of the country, and as great, in general, was the poverty of its inhabitants. But if the stranger could withdraw his mind from the contemplation of their misery, and walk to the top of a hill about a mile and a-half to the south-east of George's paternal mansion, he would be gratified by as fine a sea-view as any part of our coast presents. There was the mighty ocean, extending before and on either side, far beyond the limits of human vision. The sea just beneath you, and for

several miles in extent, studded with islands of various forms and characters of beauty : these nearest to the main land green and level, with here and there a piece of smooth white strand ; those more remote, bold, high and rocky, standing as if to battle with the winds and waves, and to preserve the others from the fury of the storm. On the highest part of one, a light-house has been erected, and, by turning a little, the traveller can take in the whole extent of sea-view, with its accompaniments of islands, rocks, and promontories, and three or four signal-towers, now not used, with several old castles, the mouldering wrecks of former greatness. Sometimes the picture is varied and enlivened by the appearance of a ship, or fleet of ships sailing by, or numerous fishing-boats, plying their craft nearer the shore ; and now and then a merchant vessel, or revenue cruiser, is seen at anchor directly beneath the hill. Descending the mountain, by a shorter path than that which leads from George's house, the loveliest scene which the parish affords presents itself ; for there is the parish church, the school-house, and the village, all prettily situated on a little bay. Although, for a long series of years, the light that was in that church was darkness, yet the Lord left not himself without witnesses even in that wild and

secluded spot: though the trumpet, for a time at least, gave but an uncertain sound, yet the people prepared themselves unto the battle; and often did the scattered inhabitants of these moors and mountains meet together to offer up their united prayers to Him who ruleth over all, that he would send unto that remote part of his vineyard a labourer who would willingly spend and be spent in the service of his Lord; and the prayer of faith was not left unanswered.

When George's friend (the young minister) came amongst them, he found a people who welcomed him in the name of the Lord, and who often cheered his heart and strengthened his hands whilst engaged in the arduous duties of a very large, poor, and populous parish. It was his blessed privilege to lead many of the elder people (whose minds had been till then unawakened) to the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour; and the young were led by him through green pastures into the Redeemer's fold.

Thus did this wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose; and such was the state of the parish when George left it, to take charge of his new school. The contrast between the two parishes was most striking, not only as it regarded outward appearance, but as to the spiritual state of the people.

George's present school-house was built on the side of a hill, while yet, at some distance from it, the rising ground behind might be seen; but as you approached, the back-ground disappeared, and the school-house seemed to be on the top of the hill, or, as the Irish poetically express it, "where the hill divides the drop." The school-house commands one of the finest inland views in the country: a bold outline of mountain, bounds the prospect at some miles distance, within which may be seen wood and water, farm-houses and gentlemen's seats, prettily situated: the spire of the village church, the parsonage-house, and the parish school-house, are also visible. There is much cultivated ground to be seen, with a large tract of that indispensable requisite for Irish comfort—a turf-bog.

The contrast between the inhabitants of both parishes was equally great; for whilst among the barren rocks that surrounded our schoolmaster's first dwelling, many of the Lord's faithful though poor and afflicted people might be found, who daily sought the purifying influences of the Holy Spirit to sanctify their souls, and render them meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; in the neighbourhood of the new school, and all around it, the people were devoted—one to his farm, another to his merchandise, and all seeking

their rest in this world. "Can these dry bones live?" is a thought that might arise on viewing the total indifference which these people manifested as to the interests of their immortal souls. The Christian, mourning over such apathy, might exclaim, "How long, O Lord, shall it be, ere the light of the Gospel shall shine into the hearts of this people?" And such, probably, were the reflections of poor George, when he exchanged the wild but dear solitudes of his native home for the well-cultivated plains which, to his pious enlightened mind, must have appeared a moral desert. But a change, a glorious change has been wrought—a wind has breathed from Heaven upon these dry bones. They have lived, they shall live for ever; for they are seeking acceptance with God, not by their own works, but through the all-atoning sacrifice and spotless righteousness of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. They have evidenced their love for the Word of God, and their desire for the spiritual improvement of their children. A faithful minister has gone forth amongst them, and they have wished him success in the name of the Lord, and valued him for his labour of love. How far this change was granted in answer to the prayers, or effected by the Divine blessing, on the unassuming, constant exertions of our poor school-

master, we cannot now discover. But the fact, that many of those who scoffed at him when he first came into the parish, ere he left it united in singing with him the wonders of Redeeming love, may be an encouragement to Christians, whether of high or low rank, when called by the providence of God into a parish where people are yet strangers to the sweet sound of the Gospel, to persevere in prayer for them; trusting that whatsoever we ask of God, according to his will, He heareth, and will answer.

For about three years previously to the opening of the daily school, the local patrons of it had formed a Sunday-school. Young and inexperienced, they would, humanly speaking, have sunk into despondence, and given up the work, under the pressure of various disappointments, but for the comfort and support they derived from the correspondence of the late lamented Secretary of the Sunday-school Society. "It is a happy and a glorious sight," says this eminent servant of God, "to see the Christian soldier placed (as he frequently is) in the world, surrounded by difficulties and dangers, yet upheld by the arms of faith, and keeping fast his confidence even to the end. The merest worldling can feel confidence and joy when all goes on well, but it is reserved for the Christian to rejoice even

in tribulation. When we consider the energy with which the children of this world, in their pursuit of pleasure, honour, or gain, struggle with obstacles, and even triumph over apparent impossibilities; and when we consider the noble and glorious cause in which we are engaged, should we not blush to think, that they are in their generation wiser than the children of light?"

Such was the counsel by which these young people were encouraged to a perseverance, crowned at length even beyond their expectations. On George's arrival in the parish, he immediately became a Sunday teacher, and devoted himself without reserve to the spiritual and mental improvement of his scholars. Soon after the opening of the school, an afflictive dispensation obliged the family who were its local patrons, to be absent during the greater part of the summer, when the sole care of the Sunday and daily schools devolved upon George. On their return, no murmurs or complaints were heard from the parents; no irregular attendance was observed on the part of the scholars, who seemed as attentive and teachable as their master was assiduous and persevering. Thus, from the day of his first appointment to the period of his quitting the school, poor George continued to give universal satisfaction. Independent of his

public duty, he was a kind friend, a most exemplary son and brother, and a truly pious, humble-minded Christian. Although for some years the emoluments of his situation were considerable, his own delicate health, and the poverty, illness, and death of his relatives, totally prevented his laying by any treasure but that which is reserved in heaven for him. His greatest trial was the sudden death of his eldest sister and first Christian instructor. She had been, even from infancy, of a weak constitution, but her sufferings were sanctified to her : her faith and patience were remarkable, and her Christian experience made her very useful to the humble circle in which she moved. In childhood her hip had been dislocated by a fall, so that she grew up lame and otherwise deformed, and could not walk without the aid of a crutch. She was also subject to attacks of epilepsy. Still, with uncomplaining meekness, she bore her heavy burden, happy if she could be present at the little assemblies of God's worshipping people. Her death was supposed to have been occasioned by an epileptic fit. She had gone to a stream to wash some article of her clothing, and was found, a short time after, lying with her face in the water, quite dead. This was a deep affliction to poor George, who felt that the world could not restore

what she had been to him: and he was soon after called upon to mourn for, and bury his father, another sister, and a brother. The funeral expenses of these dear relatives left George poor indeed. He had also given a marriage portion to a third sister; and a fourth, who was long in delicate health, and always lived with him, is now, like himself, dependent on the charity of friends.

Owing to the unremitting attention of the master, and the rapid improvement of the children, the school-room, which had been originally built to accommodate one hundred children, was found too small to contain the numbers that applied for admission; and it was therefore necessary to build an addition, which was scarcely completed, when the priest began to use his authority against it: yet it was a considerable time ere he could prevail on the people to withdraw their children, although he came in person to the school more than once and turned them out, and never ceased denouncing from the altar such as disobeyed him. At length, seeing that he could not prevent the children from returning to the proscribed school, he had one opened in the neighbourhood, to which he desired the children of his flock should be sent. But this only continued a few months, as the master was badly paid and could not attend it. The school-

room which the priest had provided for the poor children who had been so happy under George's care, was a small cart-house, capable of holding about twenty-five: it consisted of three walls and a roof, one end being open to the weather: such of the children as could not get under the roof, were, of course, obliged to sit or stand in the open air, even in the most severe weather. The consequence was that many of the children, who were accustomed to a comfortable room and a good fire, caught cold and left the school ill. A fine little boy, about thirteen years of age, who had been one of the best monitors in George's school, was seized with inflammation of the lungs. It used to delight the visitors at George's school to witness this child's diligent attention to his own studies, and also his care over the classes he was occasionally appointed to teach. He loved his master, and George felt it hard to lose him. But the poor child's trial was not to be long. After a few weeks' suffering, he was called to the presence of that Saviour whom George had taught him to love. A short time before the little boy's death, his father sent for the priest, who was pleased to say that he was better acquainted with religion than any child of his age in the parish, and desired his father, as soon

as the boy died, to let him know it. "I was in hopes," said the lady who mentioned the circumstance, and who had been very kind and attentive to the child during his illness, "that as old Tim was very poor, the priest intended to give him some money to defray the expense of the funeral; but when he came to the house of mourning, what had his Reverence to give the father?—a little holy earth, to put into the coffin with his child!" The day before the funeral, the local patron of the school met the poor man bringing his son's coffin from the carpenter's. "Oh, Sir!" he exclaimed, "if I had left my child at your school, I might have had him still!"

From this account, it will appear that his Roman Catholic neighbours placed full confidence in George's integrity. The nominal Protestants of the place, though at first they despised him for his want of worldly wisdom, yet for the last few years of his residence amongst them—that is, from the time they began to believe there was something real in spiritual religion—they evidenced a respect and love for him. His intimate acquaintance with bodily affliction in his own family and person made him skilful in the art of nurse-tending. He was therefore frequently sent for when any of his

neighbours were ill, to bleed, or blister, or prepare a dose of medicine, and also to read a chapter in the Bible and pray with them.

The even tenour of his unobtrusive life does not afford many incidents worth recounting. Short and simple indeed, are the annals of the poor; but deeply interesting must it be to believers, more favoured by the advantages of wealth and education, to behold in an humble brother, such as George, the blessed effects of that Gospel upon which all their own hopes for eternity are founded. The death of his brother, which occurred about a year previous to his resigning the school, was a great shock to George. It was almost sudden; and he had not the happy assurance, that softened the pang of his beloved sister's loss, with the hope of an everlasting re-union: nor had he time to ascertain the state of his brother's mind, before he was summoned to the invisible world. After this melancholy event poor George's health rapidly sunk. When ill before, his brother used to assist in the school; and now, his eye-sight beginning to fail, he was obliged to engage an assistant; but it soon appeared, that even with his aid, he could not, in justice to the children or to the Society which supported the school, be retained much longer. Under these complicated distresses and trials, he

evidenced much resignation and faith in Him, who, as he said, fed him all his life long. Those who saw and conversed with him often, during the last six months that he continued schoolmaster, never heard a murmur from his lips, though he knew not from what earthly source he was to expect aid, and was grieved at the thought of leaving a place now so dear to him. "But," he meekly said, "I ought not to distrust the Lord, who has supported me hitherto, now that he has taken from me the power of providing for myself. I feel assured that he will not leave me to perish."

One evening about this time, a person whom he met at a poor neighbour's house began to speak of his blindness. A lady who was present, and who had been to him a friend indeed, tried to cheer him by contrasting his spiritual with his temporal state, and observed, what a blessing it was to have light in the soul, whatever bodily trials we were called to bear. Poor George gratefully acquiesced in what she said, and added, "When we reflect on how very little we can do, even in our best estate, for God, or to prove our love and gratitude to him for all his mercies, it ought to make us patient under any sufferings."

George was at all times ready to do what was in his power to forward the cause of the Gospel in the

world, and frequently gave small donations to the Missionary Society. A short time before he gave up his school, and after he had become blind, he heard the Address of the Tinnevelly Missionaries read, and saying, "We ought to do what we can," gave a shilling for that Mission. On George's leaving the school, the local patrons agreed with the new teacher to allow him a small sum yearly during his life from the emoluments of the school; but these have so declined for the last few years, that it is feared the agreement cannot be allowed to stand. In the humble hope, therefore, of its being in any degree instrumental in procuring some comforts for poor George's declining years, and of thus cheering his dark passage to the grave—dark, indeed, in one sense, though light, and joyful, and glorious in the other—I send you this account, trusting that some who read it may not be unmindful of the call.

Reader, I have never seen poor George; but I have read with feelings that cannot be described—feelings in which, I trust, you have participated—the above affecting detail of his simple history, as recorded by the kind and pious individual who, with her family, has been made the happy instrument of cheering, by the sweet exercise of Christian benevolence, the blind man's darkened way. I

could not hear so much of George without desiring to know more. My next intelligence of him was from a friend who speaks thus :—" I often have the gratification of meeting blind George at church. I have witnessed his approach to the communion-table, and, as he partook of the feast of heavenly remembrances, I have seen the rail on which he leaned wet with his tears. This morning I passed at least two hours with the blind man at the house of a lady, where I occasionally meet him to read the Scriptures. There is something wrong in the circulation of his blood, which causes a complexion calculated to give a forbidding expression to the face ; yet George has a peculiarly sweet countenance, in which cheerfulness and kindness are blended. At Miss J.'s request I gave him what you desired, saying that Miss J. had had it sent by a friend for him. ' This, Ma'am,' said he, ' is more than I either desired or deserved. How good the Lord has been to me ! ' At his request I then read the Epistle to the Ephesians. The Word of God seems really to nourish him : his soul evidently feeds on it. Some years since, he told us, when he had sufficient sight left to enable him to see his way, he went alone to the river to bathe, and thinking that it refreshed him, he went again ; but had scarcely power to come out of the water,

when faintness seized him, and he lay on the bank almost without life ; but his spirit was very joyful, and he fancied that he saw the ladder which Jacob dreamed of. There he remained, no one within sight to afford aid, and death seemed just at hand. At length a man came to the precise spot, for the purpose of fishing, who proved to be an acquaintance of George's, and afforded every assistance, dressed him, and took him home, where he soon recovered. George observed, that the providence of God was remarkable in sending this man, who told him afterwards, that for a year before he had not visited that place. A boy coming in, who made him a present of two or three flies, induced him to take his fishing-rod ; and it so happened that his footsteps were directed to where the blind lay. I asked George if he was very anxious about the restoration of his sight. His reply was, ' I am quite satisfied with the will of my heavenly Father. I often think it may be well for me to be without sight, as many temptations to sin are by it removed from me ; but for one reason I should be glad to see, that I might study the Word of God, and, indeed, I think I would be more diligent at it than ever I was.' ' Do you find the continued darkness in which you sit lonely?' ' Oh no, Ma'am,' he replied, joy lighting up his countenance as he

spoke, 'thank God! I never feel lonesome, and I know that I never am alone. The people with whom I lodge often lock me in the house when they go out, and I am the entire length of the day without a human being. But these are my happiest times: I can meditate without interruption, and pray and think over portions of the Bible I have in my memory.' The Sabbath previously he had heard the pious curate preach from Romans, chap. viii. verse 16. Of this sermon he spoke with much animation; for heaven-taught experience caused him not merely to linger at the threshold of this Scripture, but already he had entered in and tasted of the hidden manna,—'so impossible,' as he said, 'to explain the nature of to those not taught of God.' On Monday last I passed another happy morning, in company with the blind man, who dwelt in delighted anticipation on the theme of his heavenly home, and spoke with child-like confidence of his knowledge of his Father's love."

While reading this account of blind George, rejoicing amid all the privations and trials that surrounded him, I thought, as I closed my eyes for the moment, what a dreary blank this fair creation must present to eyes which the brightest sunshine could not illumine; yet never was the glorious reality of the unseen blessedness reserved

for the Lord's redeemed, so powerfully evidenced to my soul, while all that was within me blessed God for the assurance afforded by this humble believer's happy experience, that in the absence of all outward enjoyment, the deprivation of even the light of day, in which all living things rejoice, He who has permitted us to call him by the tender name of Father, can, and does, cheer his apparently destitute children with a light peculiarly his own; and gives them, in the contemplation of their promised inheritance in that abode which their Lord hath gone to prepare for them a peace and a joy, with which a stranger intermeddleth not. Sweet, indeed, and elevating were these reflections, and delightful was the hope that I might yet be permitted to unite with the kind friends whom the Lord had raised up for George, in cheering the long night of his sightless old age.

But having brought him forth purified from the furnace, having weighed him in the balance, and found him not wanting, the Lord had better things reserved for his servant than to leave him in a world where he had not a place to hide his head, save that which the hand of Christian charity provided.

This moment, the letter announcing that all

his wants are over, that he has cast off for ever the mantle of darkness, is before me. Then, why these tears? even while a voice seems repeating "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The voice is the voice of heavenly faith, the tear is the tear of earthly sorrow. I rejoice that the days of his mourning are ended. I weep that I cannot now extend to him Christian sympathy or aid. My regret is selfish, but my joy is participated by the angels in heaven, who are now the companions of the poor blind school-master. George had gone through many troubles and meekly submitted to them all, but every billow as it passed over him had worn away the earthly tabernacle, and weakened the springs of life. The sudden death of Mr. J——, the generous friend and benefactor to whose benevolence he owed his daily meal and the roof that sheltered him, was the last trial he was called upon to endure. He sought the house of mourning, for his heart was full, and he yearned to mingle his tears with those of the pious and afflicted sisters of the loved departed. As the blind man went his melancholy way, he was met by a woman, who said to him, "What good will your faith do you now? Your friend is gone." Poor George replied, "that his trust was still in God," and

proceeded to that dwelling where he had so often been cheered by the voice that in this world he should never hear more. Nor did the intelligence, that his friend had bequeathed him six pounds a-year during his life, alleviate the grief of his affectionate heart. Resigned, but sorrowful, he returned to the home which the kindness of the departed had secured him, during the term of his earthly pilgrimage. It was not to be long. His footsteps were already on the confines of the promised land, and the unexpected shock which he had received was made instrumental to his speedy entrance into the city of his rest. Immediately on his last attack, he was visited by the pious curate of the parish; but, though still able to speak, his mind was evidently insensible to every thing connected with this world; he answered his questions as though he knew not who addressed him, but at the same time seemed fully alive to prayer, in which he was constantly engaged, and frequently exclaimed, Amen! as if enforcing what was so evidently passing through his mind. Thus, without apparent suffering, in perfect peace and blessed assurance, this humble Christian exchanged the sorrows of time for the glories of eternity.

The scales have fallen from thy sight,
This vale of shadows left behind ;
Thou art in realms of endless light,
No longer number'd with the blind.

And all thy meek endurance here,
The humble path which thou hast trod,
In patient faith and holy fear,
Is now accepted of thy God.

The step of pride might pass thee by,
Regardless of thy vision dim ;
But thou wert look'd on by an eye,
Who saw thou wert not blind to Him.

A friend he raised thee up—a friend
Thy solitary way to guide ;
With life whose kindness did not end,
But, dying, for thy wants provide.

Thy gentle heart could not sustain,
The rending of its grateful ties ;
His summons broke thine earthly chain,
And bade thee follow to the skies.

THE KERRYMAN'S WELCOME TO THE
FIRST IRISH TESTAMENT.

Oh! where have you so long been hiding,
Dear language of our ancient nation?
In darkness I have been abiding,
But come with tidings of salvation.

"It is now twenty years since I brought the first Irish Testament to Kerry," said D——, "all the way from England; and to be sure, the reception which it met with in my own dear native country, seemed a fair promise of the blessing that has since attended it by night and by day." "And what took you to England, D——?" "Oh! I was dwelling for some years in that noble country, next to our own the finest in the world, and dear it should be to my heart, for I went there in darkness and returned in light. It would be too long now to say how the change came about, but it was through meeting a countryman of

my own, and reading the Irish Scriptures with him, our hearts stuck close together in the strange land, and closer still, as my chains fell off. Yes ! I may well bless my visit to England, though I could not stay there." "And, why not D——?" "The thoughts of my own poor country would not leave me on my bed at night, and at my work by day, its picture was before me, in tears and want and ignorance, wounded and having none to heal, and I knowing the cure, I could'nt stand it. So I gave up all;—my good situation, my prospects of worldly advancement, and landed once more in Kerry with the first Irish Bibles that ever were seen there. One of these Lady G—— got, and sending for a poor countryman whom her Ladyship knew to be an Irish scholar, 'Jack,' says the lady, opening the Testament, 'did you ever see anything like this before?' Jack's eyes seemed to pierce through and through the book and spread all over it; leaf after leaf he turned, until overjoyed entirely, 'If it would not be making too bold,' said he, 'and taking too great a liberty, I would be after asking your Ladyship for the loan of that same blessed book for a few days.' 'Well,' said the Lady, 'mind that you bring it back at the time you mention,

for I have no other Irish Testament but that only.' 'Oh, never doubt it,' replied Jack, 'your Ladyship shall not be disappointed;' and he was as good as his word, for at the end of the days, 'I humbly thank your Ladyship,' says Jack, 'here is the Testament safe and sound, and my blessing along with it.' 'And what other book is that in your hand?' said the Lady. 'Only its counterpart,' replied Jack; 'I hope your goodness will excuse me, but after having read it I found 'twas hard to part with it, so I set to work, late and early, and copied it all out.' 'What, every chapter!' 'Och, sorra a word did I leave behind me; and 'tis I that am rich and happy too, if you are not displeased!' The Lady made no answer; indeed, she could not, but she kept it in her heart. The very next time she went to Dublin city, she sent to Jack for his manuscript, and pledged herself to return it with her own hand. And so she did, elegantly bound, after showing it to some friends of the Irish Society in the great city. The lady never forgot that to Jack all his life long." "Is poor Jack living still, D——?" "Not in this world. He is gone, we trust, to his rest in glory; and many's the step I have

taken after his Irish manuscript, but to r
purpose; it would be a precious relic if I coul
only make it out. But often, when my hea
was low, has it cheered me to think of m
poor countryman's welcome to the first Iris
Testament.

THE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE.

Dear in their loneliness, awfully wild,
Seem these dark cliffs to the Irishman's child.
O'er them arises not faintly nor far,
Brighter and nearer the eastern star.
Welcome! oh, welcome the message that brings,
Tidings of healing and life on its wings.

AT the foot of Brandon mountain, 'mid the wildest and most sublime scenery of the west of Kerry, in the parish of Dunquin, stands the solitary village of Ballynohow, whose poor inhabitants had for generations passed from time into eternity, as ignorant of the Saviour's all-atoning love as the beasts that perish. Dark as the clouds that oft-times veiled from the sun-beam's cheering ray, the lofty summit of Brandon Head, the dreary lengthened shadows of ignorance and superstition shed their baleful gloom over the naturally in-

telligent minds of these poor children of the mountain.

Heathen in all but name, they bowed before the cross of wood, but knew not Him who hung for them a willing victim there. Long, very long, had the Prince of the power of the air involved in the blackness of darkness, where he loves to preside, the poor neglected inhabitants of Dunquin. But He who while yet on earth saw "that apostate spirit as lightning fall from heaven," looked down from the right hand of his Father's throne, and willed that o'er these gloomy hills His own bright Gospel star should rise.

Who are these that come in lowly guise, like the first humble followers of their crucified Master? In what language is their salutation expressed as they enter each solitary dwelling? What book is that which they so reverently open? and whose words are these that fix in speechless attention the rude uncultivated villagers? These men so poor, so peacefully traversing on foot the wilds of their native country, with all their sympathies alive to the wants and the prejudices of those they come to visit, are Irish readers; deputed by that Society upon whose faithful labours the blessing of God is being every day increasingly manifested. Their salutation is, "Peace be with you!" ex-

essed in that language dear to the Irish heart,
l which ever calls forth the warm response
an hundred thousand welcomes! The words
ich have charmed the humble hearers, are
s words "who spake as never man spake;"
l that book is the Bible, the inspired record
their Saviour's love; the title-deed of a glorious
eritance, purchased and reserved in heaven for
who with true repentance and lively faith
eive its joyful tidings.

Beautiful indeed upon the mountains have
eared to the simple inhabitants of Dunquin
feet of those who published to them salvation.
en, not to lose one precious moment of the time
ch the Irish reader could spare to them, have
y refused rest to their weary limbs and sleep
their eyes, that they might listen to the
uth as it in Jesus," or join in prayer to that
at Being to whom "the darkness and the
t are both alike." To read that sacred Word
themselves soon became the chief object of
se who began to feel the value of their souls.
ents and children, young and old, came to
Irish school, and at every interval from labour
lied that blessed Word which taught them
the Lord was gracious, and bade them lift
r eyes from the earth to which they had

consigned the mouldering bodies of their friends and relatives, far, far above the mountains of their native village, to those bright heavens into which the Lord of Glory had ascended, having bruised the serpent's head and finished the great work of man's redemption.

PADDY CONNER.

Be ye ensamples of the flock,
Not tyrants, domineering o'er them;
And while you praise the Living Rock,
Tread in the narrow way before them.

AMONG the most ardent and unwearied of these mountain villagers in seeking for that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation was Paddy Conner. Though from his ignorance of the English language he had been hitherto shut out from every means of instruction, he was frank, fearless, and intelligent; his heart was softened by the affecting narrative of his Saviour's love, and as from day to day new light broke in, the chains by which he had been led captive fell from his liberated soul as the green withs from Samson's arms, and strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, he felt that the truth had made him free. About this period the

peasants of Dunquin were summoned to attend a station which the parish Priest held at a neighbouring farmer's. They went,—some boldly, some in fear and trembling, and amongst them with courage firm, and mind resolved, went Paddy Conner.

“Stand out!” cried the Priest, in a commanding voice, “Stand out, Paddy Conner! and answer before these good people why it is that you have of late avoided attending confession?” “Because,” replied Paddy, “I am determined not to seek absolution of any but the Lord Jesus himself. It is He, glory and honour be to his holy name, that died for my sins, and I believe that He only has power to forgive them.” There was a hushed silence of breathless expectation, as with a calm but steady countenance, in his own strong and energetic language, the peasant of Dunquin expressed this determination. “And, why,” said the Priest, endeavouring to restrain his indignation, “have you not paid your dues?” “The reason why, then, since you must know it,” answered Paddy, “is, that I think paying one clergyman enough for a poor man like me, and it is but fair that I should give my money to the man who will let me read the Bible as much as I please, and not to him that would be keeping

it from me. So now you have my reasons, and indeed it was nothing else that brought me here but to tell them to you."

This open rebellion was too much for the irritable temper of the Priest to endure. He sprang upon Paddy, and attempted to throw him to the ground. But the peasant of Dunquin was not to be so dealt with. Active in body as in mind, he soon mastered his antagonist, and flinging the Priest from him, he exclaimed, "Now boys, we shall see what his pretended power will come to. Let him turn me into a hare or a goat if he can, for this blessed day, before you all, I defy him." The Priest made no reply; for though he had regained his legs he was all breathless from his encounter with Paddy, who walked quietly home, followed by his friends, and never was invited to confession again.

Yet the courageous peasant who had refused to receive absolution from a sinful man like himself, shrank not from confessing his Lord and Master, undismayed by menacing words, and firm to assert the truth even with his latest breath. Shortly after the occurrence above recorded, he stood in the market-place of the town of D——, prepared to suffer death rather than deny the Lord that bought him; and such is the influence of

Christian fortitude over savage rage, that the fiercest of his enemies were restrained from injuring him.

The next day found Paddy Connor beneath that hospitable roof which is to the Lord's poor afflicted people as an ark of safety. While in the house of the beloved minister who had received, counselled, and comforted him, its amiable mistress desired one of her servants to ask Paddy Conner why he did so imprudent a thing as to go and preach to the people on a market-day? Paddy burst into tears, and replied, "Tell the mistress, that they came about me to ask me questions, and amongst others, 'Would I dare to deny that Peter was the rock their Church was built on?' I replied, that it was not upon Peter, but upon the declaration he had just made, that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, for He only is the Rock. And," continued Paddy, "I will never hold my tongue, while I can speak a word for my Lord and Master!" Oh! how humbled should we feel before this poor but devoted Christian, who was neither afraid nor ashamed to plead his Redeemer's cause, even at the risk of losing his life. A little previous to his being attacked by the Romanists, one of the Irish readers asked Paddy, "What was

the best news he had ever heard?" Paddy looked up, and his countenance brightening as he spoke, said with feeling, to which his own dear native tongue gave full expression, "The most beautiful story that ever I heard in all my life was, that 'Christ died to save sinners.'"

One day, as Paddy was walking on the road near his native village, he was surprised to hear the Priest calling on him by name, not to walk so fast, as he wanted to have a little friendly conversation with him. Paddy stopped accordingly.

"Paddy Conner," said the Priest, "you know we are bound to forget and forgive, and you may be sure what is past and gone shall never be brought up against you, so now you may as well make a clean conscience of it, and tell me how much Parson G——, and the Irish-readers give you for turning, in the way you are all doing." "Oh! then," replied Paddy, "'tis full sure you may be, that it is no trifle would make us leave the faith in which we were born and bred, and suffer all that we do, to say nothing of the cursing and hard names which your Reverence is pleased to bestow upon us every Sunday and holyday."

"Never mind that just now, Paddy, but in your usual honest way, confess how much they promise

you for leaving the true Church? Speak plain, man, for may be it is myself that would give you more for turning back again."

"There is no use in talking about it," said Paddy, "for you wouldn't, or you couldn't promise us any thing like it." "Try me, Paddy, only try me; you won't find me a niggard! so out with it, man. What do you expect?" "Neither more nor less, then, since you must know it," replied the peasant of Dunquin, "than a crown, each and every one of us." "A crown! Paddy Conner! only a crown! Well, Paddy! you shall have that from me, and more too." "Ah! but," said Paddy, "the crown we are looking after, is a crown of glory reserved in Heaven for us, by the only intercessor between God and man, even the man Christ Jesus." "Oh! is it that way you are humbugging me, you low-lived fellow?" exclaimed the Priest in a rage. "No more low-lived than yourself," returned Paddy, "and now far above you, seeing that I am the son of a King." "You the son of a King!" cried the Priest, in amazement. "Yes, then," replied Paddy, "poor as I am, and despised in your sight as I may be, I am, by the free grace of God, and the atonement made upon the cross by my dear Lord and Saviour, the adopted child of the King of

heaven and earth. Oh! then, just take timely warning, and let us alone, for the God of truth has said, that it would be better for you that a millstone were hung about your neck, and that you were cast, poor man, into the sea, than that you should offend one of the little ones that believe in Him; and of one thing be sure, that not all the gold and silver this wide world could hold, would draw me back into your broken net again."

THE PAIR OF BROGUES.

If Irishmen are prone to spend,
All must allow them free to lend ;
In such a cause may none refuse,
To let his neighbour have his shoes.

PADDY CONNER had a friend, a poor man like himself, and with that friend his warm affectionate heart longed to share the precious treasure he had found. Soon was the Irish Bible opened, and soon its blessed truths flowed out, refreshing the humble readers with wine and milk "without money and without price." At length Paddy's friend conceived an ardent desire to hear the Gospel preached and explained at Ventry; it grieved his heart to be left behind, when Paddy set out to join the happy band of converts there, but he had no shoes, and being unwilling to appear among the congregation without them, he set his wits to work to supply the deficiency.

At length, hearing that a neighbour of his had got home a new pair of brogues, he paid him a visit, and, after a little introductory chat, asked him, how he liked his new brogues. "Mighty well, I thank you, only they pinch me a little. Here they are, a stout pair, but rather tight on the toe. That I mightn't"—"But they are a nice fit for myself," cried Paddy's friend, trying them on, "and I'll engage to ease them for you, if you will kindly lend them to me next Sunday, to step over to Ventry; the brogues will be all the better for it; besides your obliging a neighbour and easing your toe." "And if I lend you my brogues next Sunday, I'd be glad to know what will myself do; it would be a strange thing to see you walking off in my shoes to church, and I going barefoot to Mass." "Not at all, my dear gossip, sure it will stand to your account in the way of penance; and, just tell me, like an honest man as you are, what good you ever got by going to Mass?—were you wiser for the Latin you heard there?—was your poor heart ever cheered with the same joyful news which the Irish readers introduced to us from the Word of God? or did you ever hear such a declaration as this in the

chapel, 'The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin'? No; but you heard, as we all did, that we must be suffering both in this world and the next before we get to heaven, if ever we are so lucky as to be let in there. 'Oh!' as Paddy Conner says, 'Give me the good news that my sins are all blotted out by the precious blood of Christ, that they are cast into the deep sea, through the love of a crucified Saviour;' and that good news will go further in making me what a Christian should be, than if I walked with peas in my shoes from this to Jerusalem. I don't say all this in respect to your brogues, though I thought for old acquaintance sake you might let me have a turn out of them." "And so you shall, a gra—next Sunday, and welcome." "Ay, but I would want them every Sunday until the potatoes cheapen, and I can buy a pair for myself. So neighbour, I'll just make a fair bargain with you, you shall have the brogues back again safe and sound every Monday morning with a penny for the loan of them, and my blessing, to say nothing of all the news I will bring you from Ventry." "Take the brogues with you this moment, the bargain is made till you get a pair of your own; and who knows, when you do,

but I may be thinking of a walk that way with you myself?* in the meantime the penny will buy me a penn'orth of tobaccy, and sure it will be more comfort and good to me to sit at home and smoke, than to go listening to what I don't understand, or hearing kind neighbours like yourself and Paddy Conner, honest man, called names more fit for a dog than a Christian ; so, as I said before, take the brogues, and welcome."

Matters thus arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Paddy Conner's friend, every Saturday evening, brought his neighbour the penny, and received the brogues, in which he gaily trotted off the next morning to Ventry, where he joined the happy band of converts in praising the God of their salvation.

* This individual became a convert to the truth some months after.

THE ROBBERY.

If coveting be mortal sin,
But venial stealing what you covet ;
Then why not, as our hand is in,
Take what we wish for, if we love it ?

ALTHOUGH the parishioners of Dunquin, who had presumed to think for themselves on subjects of infinite importance to their souls' eternal welfare, incurred from their spiritual director the direst anathemas, yet those who had closed their ears against the voice of truth and remained faithful to error, fell under the Priest's displeasure, even for the very obedience which he so constantly recommended.

One day, after descanting on the deadly offence of listening to the Irish readers and deserting the Church of Rome, he told his attentive flock that it would be better for them to steal than to change their religion. Preferring, therefore, as in duty bound, the lesser crime to the greater, some

of these obedient children of the Church made their way into the Priest's kitchen, where, finding a pot boiling on the fire, they watched their opportunity and fairly carried it off, meat and all, leaving his Reverence to look for his dinner. Not a little discomposed at this most unforeseen practical result of his last discourse, the Priest availed himself of the next opportunity to address the delinquents in terms of unmeasured reproof.

"You thieving, shameless cormorants," said he, "when you went to commit such a sacrilegious robbery, you might have been content with the pot; but to go to steal my dinner, to leave your Priest without a bit of meat, is an offence of the blackest die, and upon my conscience I do not believe that Parson G—— and his turn-coats, bad as they are, would have committed a crime of such enormity."

THE PIPER OF DUNQUIN.

Oh, music is sweet, but no music like this,
Can come with its charm to the Irishman's soul,
To bathe his worn heart in the fountain of bliss,
And free the blind captive from Satan's control.

TRUE STORY.

SCARCELY had the parish of Dunquin recovered from the effects of the tempest raised by the disappearance of the Priest's dinner, when it was again disturbed by the village piper's joining the little band of converts. He was a fine-tempered, shrewd, Irish-speaking peasant, and a very dear friend of Paddy Conner, by whose instrumentality he had been led to a knowledge of the truth; and as he had made more noise in the little world of Dunquin than any of his neighbours, so his defection from the Church of Rome caused no small sensation, and gave rise to much inquiry among those who had danced to his pipes at

the pattern,* or the ale-house. Contented ignorance is the tent beneath which superstition delights to confine her blinded votaries. But when the Word of God, like the first ray of Divine light penetrating the depths of chaotic darkness,—when that blessed Word is through the Holy Spirit's influence applied with power to the soul, the cords and the stakes that held over it the dark canopy of ignorance, give way; and, rejoicing in liberty, it feels that it has pinions to soar up to heaven.

“What will you do with your pipes now, K——?” said the Irish Inspector, on hearing the honest piper declare his determination never again to enter those scenes, where his poor fellow-sinners had so often been excited by the mirth-inspiring strains of his instrument to quaff still deeper that intoxicating liquor the curse of Ireland, and Ireland's peasantry,—“Is it what will I do with my pipes, you're asking me?” replied K——; “there are some that would kindly advise me to fling them into the sea, just to let the fishes try their hands upon them, but you won't be after giving me such foolish counsel, Mr. D——.

* Pattern or Patron.—These Irish scenes of merriment and revelry are held on the anniversary of some Patron Saint's day.

You know very well, how King David praised the Lord upon his harp; and though it is not myself that should be drawing a comparison between it and the pipes, yet of a surety Christian Irishmen may find as much music in one, as good Jews did in the other, if they be only tuned to the glory of God, as through His blessing I hope for the rest of my days to tune them."

IRISH INTELLECT.

We love Him for that matchless love,
Which brought him from his throne above.
His holiness might wonder raise,
His glory might awaken praise.
But love like His, alone could win
Hearts dead in trespasses and sin.

TRUE STORY.

It has been related by one of our Missionaries, that having explained the law of God in all its requirements, and all its terrors, as declared from Sinai's awful mount, to his heathen auditors, and finding them cold, impenitent, and apparently more hardened in wickedness than before, he told them of that pitying Saviour, whose love for them had led him to descend from the height of heavenly glory, not only to magnify and fulfil God's broken law by living a life of perfect holiness, but dying a death of shame and agony upon the cross,

that his precious blood there shed might be a full and sufficient atonement for the sins of such as trusted only in Him; and, as all that he had endured for them, his stripes, his tortures, his patient sufferings, were described to these wild and savage idolaters, eyes long unacquainted with tears, soon bore testimony to the all-conquering power of love.

We believe that there is not one individual born into this world of sin and sorrow, upon whose heart the awful mark of original defection is not impressed in equal and total alienation from God; but we also believe that there are some natures more prone to kindly feeling than others, and few that have been well acquainted with our poor Irish people can, with all their faults, deny that they are very generally possessed of cheerful contented dispositions and affectionate hearts: to this meed of praise we may add a rich vein of native talent, still shining brightly amid all the baser alloy with which it is mingled, and many are the instances of the heart-affecting sorrow with which the poor Irish mourn for their departed friends.

One very aged man in particular, in whose careworn breast the cold hand of time had not frozen up the sweet fountain of gratitude, nor congealed

the once copious flow of native poesy, so touchingly and simply expresses his grief for the sudden loss of a kind and liberal benefactor cut off in the young morning of his days, that we make no apology for presenting these few lines, dictated by the breaking heart, and written with the unsteady hand of age, to the sympathizing reader.

D MURPHY'S LAMENT FOR F— D—, ESQ., WHO DIED
JULY 24, 1838.

It is my grief that he is laid in ground,
He was the best friend that I ever found,
I pray to God, in heaven he may be crown'd.

He gave poor Murphy, sore distress'd and old,
A big great coat to cover him from the cold.
May he be found among the heavenly fold.

Oh! what shall I do? whither shall I go?
No caves nor woods can hide me from my woe.
I have no place to lay my head below.

N.B.—The Lord have mercy on his soul. I pray that
may be received into the mansions of everlasting felicity
the Paradise of God.

If such be the genuine, artless expression of a poor aged Irishman's gratitude to an earthly benefactor, what should be the ceaseless thanksgiving of a redeemed soul; conscious that his Divine Master has purchased his everlasting happiness, "not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot?"

It was indeed the same Divine principle by which the wild and stern Heathen were melted into tears, which, from the moment that its blessed influence was felt by Paddy Conner strengthened him to bear and to forbear, and constrained him to do all things for the glory of that boundless Benefactor who had so loved him. Yet, while the peasant of Dunquin went on his way rejoicing in the conviction that he was no longer an alien from his God, no longer anticipating suffering hereafter, of dread unknown magnitude and duration—while he ceased from man and turned to God with filial confidence and holy fear—while he looked up to his Saviour as the author and finisher of his faith, the all-sufficient atonement for his sin,—the costly, the amazing sacrifice which that sin had demanded, mingled deep humility with the fervent love which now flowed out in every word and action.

The candid avowal of his sentiments encouraged his weaker brethren to greater faithfulness, and soon after the trial which he had so nobly borne, seven families from Dunquin received the truth as it is in Jesus.

While Paddy Conner and his humble neighbours were thus listening to the voice of their Great Shepherd, and following him into green pastures, one of the earliest converts at Dingle having been found faithful unto death, was about to receive "a crown of life." Aware that he was dying, and apprehensive that his children might be brought up in the errors from which he had been so mercifully delivered, he made a will bequeathing these precious little ones, a boy and a girl, to the guardianship of his beloved minister.

In the last hours of nature's weakness he felt that the everlasting arms were under him, and on the night of his death he would not permit his wife to leave the house in search of aid to raise him from the bed, apprehensive that the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church might be forced upon him at a period when he was incapable of resistance, and thus patient, thus faithful, he waited for his Lord's summons.

The next morning dawned upon his lifeless body; his emancipated soul had winged its flight where

there is no pain, no tears, no excommunication; where nothing that defileth enters, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they which are written in "the Lamb's book of life."

Once more let us turn to Paddy Conner and contemplate him pouring out his grateful soul in the wild energetic strains of his native language.

Sweeter than the harpings of angels are the breathings of the lowly and the contrite soul to that great Being who measures not the harmony of the numbers, but the love which tunes the spirit's string. While his creatures are criticising the versification, He, before whom heaven's highest intelligences veil their faces, may be listening well pleased to such rude minstrelsy as fell from the lips of the peasant of Dunquin.

On Mr. G——'s return from Dublin, he was told that Paddy Conner had composed an Irish poem. Curious to ascertain the fact, he sent for Paddy and requested him to repeat the verses, which he accordingly did. Mr. G—— then had the lines copied, while Paddy dictated, not a little surprised to see his composition really written down with ink upon paper. The poem was subsequently changed into English verse by Mr. G——'s school-master, who is also a convert, and though of course not a literal translation, it conveys the

meaning of the original, and as it bears satisfactory evidence that the peasant of Dunquin is not deficient in the best of all knowledge, we have given it as follows, a not unpleasing evidence of Irish intellect enlightened by wisdom from on high.

When Israel wandered through the wilderness,
And for her sins felt anguish and distress,
To whom, Oh Priests! in vengeance' darkest hour,
Did Moses point their souls for healing power?
Witness the brazen serpent, where it stood,
And think of Jesus' all-atoning blood,
Through which alone heaven's mercies sweetly flow,
Which heals the bite of our infernal foe.

The words of saints, their works, and heavenly ways,
Shall be to me an endless theme of praise;
But Popes, and all that Priestly art supplies,
My soul shall ever utterly despise.
Unlike the ancient servants of the Lord,
Who preached salvation from his holy Word,
And true to his command where'er they came,
Spread wide the knowledge of their Saviour's name.

To Christ alone my wants and woes I bring,
And seek salvation 'neath his sheltering wing;
For he alone has op'd the shining way,
Which leads from earth to realms of endless day;
Where ransom'd thousands crown him as their King,
And day and night his great salvation sing.

The power of hell's dark monarch soon shall fall,
And heaven's clear radiance brightly beam on all ;
For men of truth and Gospel light are gone
To preach the Word of Heaven's Eternal Son.

Oh haste, ye wandering souls, their voices say,
Your Saviour calls, arise, and haste away ;
Cling to his cross, where sin reluctant fell,
Where Jesus bled in conquering death and hell.
His blood, his precious blood, and that alone,
For sin, for foulest sin, can e'er atone.

THE BLASKET ISLAND.

Near fair Hibernia's western coast,
 A lonely island stands ;
 In summer's smile, on that lone isle,
 The hardy fisher lands.
 But when the strife of storms is rife,
 When the great Atlantic's roar
 Is heard from far, not the boldest tar
 Would steer for the Blasket shore :
 Where the dark basaltic rocks uprear,
 Their pillar'd forms on high,
 And the wild winds sweep thro' the caverns deep,
 And the threat'ning breakers lie.
 Dark centuries o'er that lone isle,
 Unbless'd appeared to glide ;
 In ignorance the natives lived,
 In ignorance they died.
 When on the main land, raised they saw,
 A white flag waving o'er,
 The signal made, that mass was said,
 They knelt down to adore ;
 To supplicate, they knew not what—
 The Angel of the storm—
 They looked not to a God of love,
 In Christ's redeeming form.

But twice a-year, when skies were clear,
Two dreaded boats would come,
With priestly views, for priestly dues,
To tax each island home.
No heralds of sweet mercy they,
But messengers of ill;
They bear no embassy of joy,
But evil tidings still.

OFt have we shuddered at the picture drawn of savage life in distant lands, and said, "While we enjoy all the comforts of life, all the advantages of education, all the blessings of religion, shall these things be?" Yet, while glancing the eye of Christian sympathy over the great world of waters to the far islands of the southern deep, how is it that we have (until very lately indeed) so totally, so unaccountably overlooked our own? These lovely isles, that gem our native sea, how had they forfeited the general claim, and found no eye of compassionate inquiry turned on them? Why have ships, charged with the Word of life to every country under heaven passed them unregarded by, and every breeze that blew wafted healing on its wings to earth's remotest shores, while they have been left to mourn, unpitied and unblessed?

Twenty fires, sending up their daily smoke-breaths to the clouds, denote as many families residing on the Great Blasket Island; and round these fires, when the weather is sufficiently calm, admit of their landing on its dangerous but singularly beautiful shore, more than an hundred fishermen will oft assemble from all the surrounding coasts, and, while their simple meal of potatoes being prepared, beguile the interval from toil with tale of shipwreck, strife, or superstition dread. Such has been the state of the Great Blasket land, its poor inhabitants for centuries unchanged in manner, mind, and language; and such the aspect which it bore, when the following interesting particulars, communicated to the writer by the Rev. C— G——r, of Dingle, proved that the clouds long impending over it were about to be dispersed, and that bright sun which, when once arisen, knows no setting beam:—

“The Blasket Islands* I trust are won! Long as Satan reigned, triumphantly sitting on the scarlet-coloured beast, in that wild and desolate region: but his end seems near. The victory will be gained without sword and without spear. It is

* The Lesser Blasket is small, and totally uninhabited.

the Lord's doing, and marvellous indeed in our eyes. For three years I have been endeavouring to gain an entrance to these Islands; but 'the Angel of the Lord stood in the way,' for the Lord's time was not come. After waiting three weeks at one period for the sea to be sufficiently calm to admit a landing on the shore, we succeeded in sending a teacher amongst the people, who narrowly escaped destruction; for when the Islanders discovered for what purpose he had come, they were going to throw him down the cliffs into the sea; but he was providentially saved through the entreaties of a woman, and after remaining there two days, during which time he was nearly starved, he succeeded in prevailing on them to send him to the main land. This was rather discouraging, yet some time after we resolved on another attempt, and sent Dowling to Dunquin, to try and get into the Island. He remained for a considerable time under the cliff, but was obliged to return, as the two Priests were then paying their half-yearly visit to the Blaskets. A third time we determined (if possible) to effect a landing, and sent two men to Dunquin, which is just opposite, and only four miles from the island; but when they arrived there, they found the Priests before them, with a number of men, endeavouring to improve the landing-place,

hat nothing could be effected on that day ; and
r getting well hooted they were glad to make
ir escape. Thus all our efforts were defeated,
order that we might give the glory to God, and
rk his overruling providence in all ! Imme-
tely after our attempts to enter the Island had
ved abortive, the great work at Ventry and
nquin commenced, in both of which places
ny of the converts are nearly related to every
ily in the Blaskets ; and although they were
first persecuted by the Islanders, they are now
greatest friends : for when they found that no
befel the people of Dunquin from the curses
the Priests, they began to suspect that they had
the power to which they pretended.

“ About a fortnight ago a native of the
askets came to one of the Ventry men, and
red to let us his house, as he understood that
wished to take one, in which the crew of
Ventry boat might stop when they went to
. The Islander's offer having been commu-
ated to me, at once I saw the importance of
ing a house on the Island, and of sending there
of the converts' families at Ventry, who,
n being connected with the people, might
ly be established amongst us. A few days

decided us upon going to the Island. Rejoicing in the prospect now opening to us, yet almost afraid to believe the man sincere in his proffered kindness, we prepared our missionary boat for its first visit to the Great Blasket."

THE BLASKET ISLAND.

PART II.

The ocean shone a mirror bright,
 Hushed was each stormy gale,
 As now the missionary boat
 Spread wide its snowy sail.
 The sunny ray glanced on the sea,
 With bright auspicious beam,
 When heralds of the Lord of Life,
 To the Great Blasket came.
 In awful grand magnificence,
 And beautiful as grand,
 That Isle appear'd, when safely steer'd,
 They drew their boat to land.

ON Monday last, accompanied by Captain F——
 and six men, after a few hours' pleasant sail, I
 landed on this long-wished-for scene of missionary
 labour. We were well received by the people, and
 hospitably entertained with abundance of eggs,
 new potatoes, and milk; and assured by the man,

in whose house we were, that had he known of our coming he would have killed a fat sheep for us. Our party then separated; some of us to observe the scenery, which is magnificent indeed, and others to try and find out the minds of the people, not one of whom can speak a word of English, though there are one hundred and fifty inhabitants. The result of our inquiries was, that the people seemed anxious to have a school. They said they did not care a farthing for the Priests, who never came near them but to claim their dues. Having agreed with the man for his house, and a small potato garden, and arranged that he should come to Dingle on the following day to settle further about it, we left them in great spirits, and arrived safely on the main land. But we were scarcely at home when I began to think it would be better to try and get possession of the house before the Priest should be informed of what had passed, and also Miss H——, who is bitterly opposed to the truth, and from whom the people rent the Island. So we resolved on returning there on the next morning (Wednesday), and taking with us the family whom we intended to establish on the Island. A beautiful morning seemed to smile on our undertaking, and we were welcomed even more cordially than the day before. Our

fears about the poor man's changing his mind were groundless. Sullivan asked him, would he not be afraid of the Priest or of Miss H——? 'Arrah, man,' said he, 'all the Priests and the landlords in the world should not prevent me from letting you my house.' Another man came to offer me his cabin, which we shall have to take for a school-house. I told Sullivan to explain to him that I would take it, if we could get a sufficient number of children to open school with. 'Och,' said he, 'I will go to school myself! Never fear, you'll get enough of them:' and a woman, on hearing our intention of opening a school, exclaimed, 'Oh, man, the whole Island will join ye.' 'Ah,' said one of the men, 'if you will stay a night with us, I have one white quilt, and you shall have it; yes, and plenty of mutton.' Sullivan asked one of the poor Islanders, who was eighty years of age, if he thought the Priest could forgive him his sins. 'No,' he replied, 'though once I thought he could; but now I am too great a sinner to be saved.' 'How do you make that out?' continued Sullivan. 'Forty years ago,' said the old man, 'I went to the main land and stole, two successive nights, twenty sheep, forty in all. I told the Priest of it in my confession, and he promised to absolve me if I would give him a fat

sheep for seven years every Christmas, which I did not. He is gone—he cannot now forgive me—I can never be saved!’ Sullivan attempted to comfort the poor old man, by telling him about the thief upon the cross, and he seemed to take comfort. After regaling ourselves on the same simple fare as before, most kindly and cheerfully provided, we put our convert and his family in possession of the house, and commended them to the care of the people: then, accompanied by the inhabitants, young and old, men, women, and children, to the cliff, we shook hands for five minutes, and, after a mutual exchange of good wishes, we departed.

“The last time that I visited the Blasket Island I was accompanied by Mr. M——ty, and finding Miss H——’s boat there before us, with drivers to carry off the poor people’s cattle on account of their having given us possession of the house, we sat down on a cliff, not thinking it advisable to go to the village. In a short time, one or two of the Islanders came to us, then a few more, until at last we were surrounded by more than twenty. One old woman looked at Mr. M—— for some time, and at length exclaimed, ‘I am sure you must be a M——.’ ‘Why do you think so?’ said he. ‘Because,’ she replied, ‘you are so like the

family.' 'Well,' said he, 'I am a M——ty.' 'Oh, then,' cried the old woman, jumping up, and shaking hands with him, 'your father's son is welcome here, for I am a M——ty.' This made us all great friends. The poor people seemed to forget the loss of their cattle, when Mr. M—— set the truth before them in their own dear native tongue. What has God wrought? The wildest, most uncultivated people in our land, from being our greatest enemies, are become our warmest friends. Surely the Lord has work to be done amongst them yet.

"A few days ago one of the Blasket Islanders came to Dingle to inquire why I had given them up, and to entreat me to send them a schoolmaster. I replied, that after the expense and trouble of establishing the school, the Priest might come and scatter the children. 'Never fear that,' said he; 'for we are determined, the next time that he comes lecturing us, not to keep our tongues in our pockets. And by my word, it is too many children, not too few, you'll be thinking, that you have at the Great Blasket;—only try it!'

"Our plan is, to send men from both Ventry and Dunquin, upon whose prudence and sincerity we can depend, as often as possible into this truly-interesting Island, to speak to the people about the

things that belong to their peace. We have now two fine boats, so that we can visit the Islanders until the end of October; and then, we would wish to send a master who could also act as a Scripture-reader to the Islanders, as in the winter, the Priest will not visit them. Indeed, he could not, even were he so inclined. Then may the people have rest, and unmolested, hear the Gospel's joyful sound."

THE CARMELITE.

Now lone Dunquin, to which flows in
The tide from Blasket's shore,
Hath learned to raise such hymn of praise,
As ne'er was heard before :
'Tis floating free, o'er land and sea,
And Brandon's giant brow,
Hath wafted to the Islanders
Its sacred echoes now.

"NEVER," says a pious individual, who had visited the Great Blasket Island during Mr. G——'s last visit to England,—“never had the Gospel of peace a more complete triumph than was recently witnessed on the Blasket Island, whose wild, and hitherto almost savage inhabitants, quietly allowed their cattle to be seized and carried off for an arrear of rent which had long remained due, but which was instantly demanded by the Roman Catholic proprietor when the poor Islanders consented to receive a convert's family, and have a school

opened on the Island. How deeply did I regret my ignorance of the Irish language. My heart felt almost bursting with desire to declare to the poor people about us the glad tidings of Redeeming love. They seeming as willing to hear as I was to speak; but we were equally unintelligible to each other. The Irish Reader who had accompanied us, asked, by my desire, if there was any one among the people that seemed better informed on religious subjects. 'There was one,' they said, 'a holy woman, a Carmelite; oh, it was she that knew a great deal!' Having expressed a desire to see her, immediately an opening was made in the crowd, and a poor woman came forward with great devotion of manner, her arms folded upon her breast. But it soon appeared that all her information consisted in having heard that she must bow before a wooden cross and repeat some prayers.

"Our Irish speaker then explained to her the love of that precious Saviour, who had shed His blood to cleanse His believing people from all sin, and receive them when this mortal life should end into everlasting joy. 'Ah!' said the poor Carmelite, while tears chased each other down her cheeks, 'there is comfort in your words. Never again will I be trusting to any thing, or any one, but that merciful Saviour who gave his precious

sinner such as me. Never again will I be
; up or bowing down to any but to Him.' "

ler, the long-neglected natives of the lone
t Islands are rejoicing, even amid their
overty. Their patient endurance has been
ed. They have a school, an Irish Reader,
bove all, they have that Word which is able
e them richer than the richest, and wiser
e wisest of this world's children.

GOUGANE BARRA.

WERE a stranger who had never visited Ireland before, to whom her past and present history was alike unknown, brought to witness scenes such as Gougane Barra often presents, would he not be justified in supposing that he stood on heathen ground? If the natives of the coast of Africa have their greegrees, we have our scapulars, our amulets, and our charms. If the people of India have their holy river, we have holy wells innumerable, to which pilgrimage is universally made on certain days. If they have their hallowed earth (resolved to be in no wise outdone), so have we. Whenever a Roman Catholic Priest of more than ordinary sanctity is buried, the earth of his grave is considered holy and endued with the power of healing; and, incredible as it may appear, it is often sent for by people at a great distance, tied up in a rag, and boiled in a drink for a sick person; after which it is sent back to the grave, for it would be sacrilege to keep it. The pious individual

to whom we are indebted for the following interesting account of a visit to Gougane Barra, has seen several of these little bags of earth on a Priest's grave in the church-yard of Skull:—

“ Often does my mind revert to the summer of 1822, when, in company with some friends, I visited the romantic lake and island of Gougane Barra, long one of the most celebrated holy places in this neighbourhood, and to which pilgrimages were wont to be made on the 24th of June. And here, perhaps, it may be well to give some account of this annual pilgrimage. On the previous evening, the pilgrims assembled, to the number of several thousands, from various and distant parts of the country, for it was necessary to spend the night there. So great was the concourse, that many went for the purpose of making money by erecting tents and having provisions for sale. Those whose children or friends were afflicted with illness, brought them at great expense and trouble, to bathe them in the holy well and pray, or, as the phrase is, to give their rounds for them. Sick horses and cows are also taken there. If a diseased person lives to return home, a bit of rag is torn from some part of his dress and hung on a certain tree as a memento of his recovery. If a beast, the rope with which the animal was tied was left.

If the person dies there, he is considered happy for eternity, and his remains interred in a burying-ground on the banks of the lake. At length the meetings there became so noted for every species of depravity and vice, many going merely for amusement, that the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork denounced his curse upon every one who should visit it for devotional purposes. It lay under the curse for about a year, when the Bishop sent seven priests to take it off. This they effected by performing sundry devotions there, after which the people were again allowed to renew their stated visits, but not in a body, on the 24th of June, as any other time they were now told, would answer the end as well. But to return to our visit. Although the distance from my own dwelling to Gougane is only nine miles, yet the way being over high and rugged mountains, it was next to impossible to think of visiting it from thence. I therefore took advantage of my stay at Bantry, in the latter end of August, 1822, to go and see this celebrated lake and island, and also the *now* celebrated glen of Kemineah, the stronghold of the Whiteboys during the preceding winter and spring. This glen is about ten miles from Bantry, the new road to Macroom leading directly through it, and passing within half-a-mile of Gougane. Before

this road was made, the way to the lake in every direction lay over almost impassable mountains, so that a journey to its banks was an undertaking of no small difficulty. We set out about nine o'clock in the morning. The day was particularly fine, and for some time we had a view of the beautiful bay of Bantry, with its islands and mountains. Several gentlemen's seats also appeared, to vary the landscape ; but when we had proceeded five or six miles, all trace of human habitation seemed to vanish, and the fair prospect we had left was succeeded by flat bogs and dreary barren hills. As we approached the glen, the mountains rose higher and higher, and a bold perpendicular rock presented itself, jutting out into the road, the mountains on the opposite side being nearly perpendicular also. On the top of this rock an eagle had built her nest, and seemed to stand the centinel, or rather the sovereign, of this wild domain. It was at this spot, which is the narrowest part of the glen, that the Whiteboys hurled down a huge fragment of rock into the road, which completely blocked up the passage just as Lord Bantry, with a small body of military and a few gentlemen, had passed. The rock was afterwards broken up by blasting it with gunpowder, and the fragments still remain, piled up at each side of the road.

Having passed this remarkable spot, we suddenly found ourselves embosomed among mountains. The glen extends for nearly two miles, the road in some places being cut out of the sides of the mountain, and in others borrowed from the bed of a brawling stream, which seems likely in a short time to establish itself in its ancient rites. Throughout the whole length of the glen we could not see more than one hundred yards before us, as the road winds its course according to the inequalities in the sides of the mountain. It was, indeed, a genuine mountain-pass, so rough and torn up by winter floods that my companions preferred walking. I remained alone in the jaunting-car, and could not help feeling an indescribable awe, heightened perhaps, by recent indisposition. Never had I witnessed so wild a scene, and, while enclosed on all sides by mountains, I recollected how lately this now deserted spot had been the scene of carnage and death. Where we travelled, without seeing or being seen by human eye, multitudes of lawless and desperate men lay hidden in the caves of the mountain, and, like the Highland clans of old, could start up and assemble in battle-array at a moment's warning. Where we, with only one male attendant, fearlessly entered the glen at the rock of the Eagle's-nest, it was at

the peril of their lives that Lord Bantry and his few brave followers attempted it. Looking up to the formidable barriers which nature had opposed to a passage through this remarkable glen, I felt assured, that were a dozen well-disciplined men in possession of the pass, they might defend it against an armed host. My thoughts then turned to the future. The high and gloomy mountains enclosing our path, and excluding from it the rays of the sun, which only gilded their summits, reminded me of that awful day when men shall go into the clefts of the rocks and unto the tops of the ragged rocks, for fear of the Lord, and for the glory of his majesty, when He ariseth to shake terribly the earth. 'Alas!' I thought, 'surely many of these deluded beings, who so lately were in triumphant possession of these fastnesses, shall be ready to say to the mountains and to the rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb!" And will not many of these, who profess a purer faith, and from whom the Bible is not withheld—who, in possession of the key of knowledge, open not its stores to those that are ready to perish, though they have not to cross the ocean to seek them, but may find them at their very doors?—shall not these, who forgetting, or

disregarding such glorious and encouraging words of Scripture as the following :—" He that winneth souls is wise ; " " They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever ; " " Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him ; let him know, that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins ; "—shall they not be included in the same condemnation, and have I not on this point reason to fear that day for myself ? May the Lord pardon his unworthy servants in this thing, and give them strength from above to do better in future.' I had full time for these reflections, and many more, as we passed along the rugged and solitary road through the glen. At length we emerged from it, and my companions joining me, we turned off the high road to Macroom and proceeded towards the lake. While in the open country, the place was pointed out to us where Lord Bantry and his party had a skirmish with the rebels, and where the poor soldier was killed ; and also the house which the soldiers had set fire to in revenge for the death of their comrade. The only house, or rather cabin, we saw, from the time we left the glen until we arrived at the lake, stands near the road, about midway between both.

This wretched tenement is inhabited by the wife and children of one of the misguided disturbers of their country's peace. Whether he was hanged or transported, or fell in battle, we could not learn; but he is gone to his great account. Three miserable-looking squalid children, the eldest apparently about twelve years of age (the only human being we had seen for several miles) came out of the cabin as we passed and followed us to the lake.

“ After being so long enclosed by mountains, we felt the contrast of a more open country a sensible relief. No wood was to be seen, although traces of where trees had been, might be discerned on each side of the road. As we approached from the south towards the east, we saw some fine cultivated ground; the rest was rocky, mountainous, and barren. We did not perceive the lake until we were within forty or fifty yards of its brink, and the first view of it was exceedingly striking. To the north and west, huge craggy mountains rose almost perpendicularly from the edge of the water: they seemed perfectly bare of vegetation, and formed a strong contrast to the little green and woody islet which lay almost at our feet. A cottage, built by the owner of the soil as a hunting-lodge, stood on a sloping green lawn on our left, and near it, but close to the

water, was the burying-ground. A causeway had been built from the main land into the Island, and about half-way over, on the right-hand side, the holy well was enclosed from the waters of the lake by a wall, and covered over. On reaching the Island, the first object which arrested our attention was a large flag standing against a tree with the following inscription:—

“ ‘ This place of devotion was dedicated to Almighty God, to the blessed Virgin Mary, and unto St. Fin Ba, in the seventeenth century of our Lord, by the Rev. Dennis O’Mahony, who, after the erecting of these buildings, made them his residence till the end of his religious days in this world. He died Anno Dom. 1700. Almighty God be merciful to those the souls of the faithful departed. Amen.’

“ It is said, and probable, that St. Fin Ba in his sanctimony has had recourse to this place, from whom it derives the name of Gougin Bar. The duty usually performed hereat, purporting the devotion of the rounds, is exacted in the following manner, and is also divided into thirteen parts or squares, to agree with the thirteen places appointed for prayer:—The afternoon of the 23d of June, and the forenoon of the 24th ditto, the festival of St. John Baptist, when, in each

time at the particular places, in alternate form, recite the Lord's-prayer, and the Salutation of the Virgin Mary, as often as mentioned on the subsequent stone; and at the finish of every part of prayer, recite the Creed and General Confession: the rounds fulfilled. The afternoon of the 24th September, and the forenoon of the 25th ditto, the Festival of St. Fin Barry, the same devotion: rule fulfilled:—

“ 1st Chapel.	2d Chapel.	3d Chapel.	4th Chapel.
Pv. Vx.	Px. Vx.	Pxv. Vxv.	Pxx. Vxx.
5th Chapel.	6th Chapel.	7th Chapel.	8th Chapel.
Pxxx. Vxxx.	Pxxx. Vxxx.	Pxxxv. Vxxxv.	Pxxxx. Vxxxx.
9th or B. Chapel.	The Kee ^{ve} .	The Fountain.	The Church.
Pxxxxv. Vxxxxv.	Pv. Vv.	Pv. Vv.	Pv. Vv.’

“ P. stands for Pater; V. for Virgin; and the annexed figures specify the number of Pater Nosters and Aves to be said at each station. The Church is only a Priest's grave. The ruins of some old buildings are still standing on the island, in the largest of these (called in the inscription the B. Chapel) we could perceive where the altar had stood, and a small iron crucifix lay on the ground. The floor of this chapel was thickly covered with pebbles. We were told that they were brought there by the people to reckon their

prayers; as for every prayer, or set of prayers, they throw down a pebble. We also observed many little pieces of wood, with notches cut in them for the same purpose; a notch being cut for every prayer said. At the western side of the island was a raised mound, which we ascended by a flight of steps. Here, in the middle of a square, enclosed by eight arches, stood a large wooden crucifix. A man and a woman were kneeling opposite two of the arches, praying. They appeared totally unconscious of our intrusion, and we retreated as quietly as we could, unwilling to disturb their devotion. While wandering about the little island, one of my companions observed that the solitude and quietness of the place strongly reminded her of that beautiful Hymn of Cowper's, the second stanza of which is as follows:—

“ ‘ The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.’

“ Of the many generations now gone by who worshipped in this lone island—of the multitudes who have come here to make long prayers, and ignorantly to repeat words with their lips—surely there were some who, according to the light vouchsafed unto them, worshipped in spirit and in truth.

Lord, let not the piety and self-denial of these zealous, though it may be superstitious, misguided Christians, rise up in judgment against us, but enable us, by thy grace, to make a right use and improvement of the clearer light and more excellent talents thou hast committed to us! After walking about for some time, we partook of a slight repast which we had brought with us, and calling the children who had followed us, we divided the fragments between them. Whether impelled by hunger, or the force of habit, and an intercourse with his father's guilty associates, I cannot say; but the eldest boy snatched at the food, and would have eaten it all, without sharing any part with the others, had he been permitted. His countenance was particularly forbidding, and he was covered with rags. He and his poor little companions presented an appearance truly pitiable. Unhappy children! may the Lord raise up some kind friend to succour and instruct you in the ways of piety and peace, and may you be enabled to take warning by your miserable father's untimely fate! We left the lake, followed by these deserted children, but soon lost sight of them and their wretched habitation; and retracing our way through the Glen of Kemi-neah, in a few hours we arrived safely at the end of our journey."

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER'S JOURNEY
FROM HOME.

Though I was born in low degree,
I am not what I seem to be:
There's not a leaf, a flower, or tree,
But hath a nameless charm for me,
A stamp of the Divinity.

DID we owe no greater obligation to the Irish Society than that of awaking the dormant feelings and drawing forth the latent energies of our poor but highly-gifted people, even that might entitle it to the grateful and warm support of all who, while they mourn for their country's degradation, hope yet to see her emerge from the clouds by which she has been so long surrounded. But far deeper, far more exalted are its claims. Approaching our ignorant peasantry (in the only way by which they are approachable, through the medium of the native language), it places in their hands

that blessed Word, which, like Jacob's ladder, unites earth to heaven ; for gradually, as light and knowledge increase, they ascend from step to step, until the Son of God receives them at the top, and admits them into the bright regions of His everlasting glory.

“ I had not been long in my new parish,” says a pious Minister of the Church of England, “ when I heard that the Priest's schoolmaster, James Sullivan, was a great Irish scholar ; and wishing to introduce the Word of God to him, and gain at the same time myself a knowledge of my native language, an important object in that remote part of the south of Ireland where the Lord had now appointed my ministry, I sent for Sullivan, and expressed my desire to learn Irish from him. He willingly consented to become my teacher, but, fearful of being seen coming to my house, it was only in the evening twilight that he at first ventured to steal out and fulfil his engagement. It was not long before the Divine truths which he was now in the habit of studying (for our reading-book was the New Testament) won upon his heart and rivetted his attention. We had read together the Word of God, without note or comment, and I had carefully refrained from making any remark ;

but a spark was kindled that could not be quenched, a thirst was excited which the water of life only could satisfy: and gladly did I lend my feeble aid to clear away all the rubbish that prevented my poor Irish master from freely partaking of that pure stream.

“About this time it began to be known in the parish that Sullivan was reading the Bible with the Protestant clergyman. But the fear of man had passed away in proportion to the increase of Gospel light, and Sullivan not only sought my counsel boldly, but asserted his right to do so, and to read the Scriptures for himself. What most affected him was a letter from his brother Benjamin, to whom he was fondly attached, entreating him to beware how he listened to the Protestant clergyman or went against his Priest. This letter, which was written with the most affectionate earnestness and great simplicity, Sullivan brought to me, and it was evident that the apprehension of grieving his relations was his sorest trial; but he was soon convinced, that they who will not leave all to follow Christ, are not worthy of the kingdom of heaven. It was not long before his determination to read, and teach others to read the Word of God, rendered it necessary that he should relin-

quish his situation as the Priest's schoolmaster, which he did cheerfully and without hesitation. But seeing him exposed to many trials, besides that of being deprived of his only means of support, I procured for him the situation of schoolmaster with my dear friend and brother in the ministry, the Rector of C——.

“ Although truly grateful for this unexpected provision, the rending of all his early ties, and removing to what appeared to him so great a distance, was felt acutely by poor Sullivan, whose homely exterior veiled a mind of great sensibility. He was (as the Irish say) born a poet, and now that he could ‘look from nature up to Nature’s God,’ his mind seemed to acquire new powers of enjoyment, while his heart yearned with tenfold affection over the dear relatives from whom he was about to part. But he felt that no distance, no alienation, could prevent his praying for them, and he was comforted.

“ This letter, which I received from Sullivan, after his establishment in his new situation as schoolmaster at C——, describes his journey (the longest he had ever taken) so simply, and gives such a genuine picture of his kind and grateful disposition, that I think you will be pleased with it:—

" *September 1, 1838.*

" 'EVER affectionate and dear Sir,—I hope your good sense and Christian feeling will pardon my silence so long, and for not having before now returned you my sincere thanks, the least and only compensation I can make you, for all your unmerited attention to me. I trust that my parcel will come safe, with the books you gave me, as by them I hope to wean my brothers, by small degrees, from their errors, and to bring them to the true fold of Christ. I slept in Castletown the first night I left you, and arrived at Ardgroom at half-past six the next morning. John Sullivan, his wife, and son, were after crossing the ford; they were going to the bog to cut turf, the morning being most charming, but himself returned with me, leaving the wife and son to pursue their course to the bog. We came to John's house, where we had an excellent breakfast prepared for us by the good-natured Mary, and, in the interim, John and I walked to the north to procure some friends to assist us in rowing the boat. It was about ten o'clock when we left Pulleen. Silvester, John's nephew, with himself and another friend, boldly rowed the boat, while I, as helmsman, made up the fifth. At half-past twelve we landed at Mr. Bland's, of Derryquin, on the Kerry side; my

friend John Sullivan* going with me to show me the way from the shore to the road; and after many good advices, he poured forth, with much earnestness, blessings on me, wishing me success on my journey: and so we shook hands and parted. Lonely I went on my way, until I reached the Blackwater-bridge (as they call it), from whence my road lay up the country, being a new line not yet finished. It was five in the evening when I was able to come out on the Killarney road; yet the road, though very bad, had a beautiful stretch, through a very fine country. I got two or three drinks of excellent white wine† from the adjacent cottages, the day being very sultry, and having nothing else to refresh myself with. I cannot describe my feelings, as I approached the celebrated Lakes of Killarney. Oh! Mr. S——, what a heavenly scene! what a beautiful picture of the power and wisdom of that Creator, who formed all things, who commanded such a wonderful assemblage of objects as at once to delight and astonish the beholder! I journeyed on, amid the loneliness of the overshadowing foliage; and to view the evening sunbeams play on the blue and

* Also a convert from the Roman Catholic Church, and now Schoolmaster of Ardgroom.

† New milk.

unruffled waters beneath, would lighten the sorrows of any person. The hour was one when the strings of the lyre, or the sound of the lute, might be heard to the greatest advantage, and which would afford sweet contemplation to the naturalist. Not to be too prolix, I slept at Cloghreen, and the next morning had another instance of the genuine principles of good believing Protestants, in a Deaf and Dumb Meeting that took place in the Killarney school-room. I never witnessed any thing that delighted me so much as the replies of the poor deaf and dumb boys. After breakfasting the next day, I set out for Kanturk, leaving the grand and majestic panorama of wood and Lake Torc, Mangerton, and all behind me; and at nine on Friday morning, I was in the house of your Reverence's well-wishers, Mr. and Mrs. P——. I got a substantial breakfast from the good woman: each seemed to vie with the other who should be most attentive to me, or who should ask the most questions respecting your welfare. With light heart I bent my steps for the present spot, and about four in the evening I was speaking to the tender-hearted and Christian Mrs. C—— in her own kitchen. As Mr. C—— *was not* at home, she read your letter, and after many questions about your health, she left me.

The next morning, my kind patron introduced himself by asking me to walk out into the garden with him, where he spent a good while, talking to me on various matters; concluding by letting me know that I should be one of his own family until the former master was out of the school. On the 14th of August I commenced my vocation, the master having given up and gone to live next door. On the following morning there were eight panes of glass broken in the school-house windows before we came to the school, and ten on the morning after. But not to be tedious, I would think myself among the happy, were it not for the late master and his wife; though I do every thing to please them, yet she can command such a tongue for scolding that she wearies my life. When I go down the street she scolds me, and at my return does the same: all the bad names, beggars, sweeps, &c., she hurls at me and at Mr. C——; and sometimes threatens me with paying me off. Judge, dear Sir, of my condition in such straits. I would not wish to be placed under the care of better, or more affectionate people, than those under whom, by your kindness, I am at present. My comfort is what they look to now, and my spiritual good and welfare in the next *world*. Give my kind and warmest esteem to the

disinterested and noble gentleman, Dr. S——, and family; also to Captain John R——, and family; and Mr. W——, of Adrigole, who kept alive the good seed in my heart, while the devil and S—— fought against him and me; and also to Mr. H——. Tell him—and believe me, my dearest Sir—that I am more firmly attached to the Christian religion, as I see it in Protestants now, than ever; and I hope, as I grow older, that the nurture and admonition of the Lord will grow in me in this faith, which I know to be, what it is, the true and only good one. If you have the kindness to write to my brother Ben, tell him where I am, and bid him be of good comfort, for I fear the poor boy will break his heart, together with my father and mother, for having me separated from them and from their creed. I would not wish to distress them, but still I hope, if Ben's prejudices can be got the better of, he will shortly learn from the books you gave me; and tell him that I am far from being astray, with God's blessing and grace. I would wish that my sister Catherine would get herself ready for coming to me here, and my brother Mich, who could get work at his trade in this town. Perhaps some good gentleman travelling here would bring me the sister, letting *the brother* walk it. I hope, dear Sir, if you are

for writing to Mr. C——, that you will let me know how are my friends in Bantry; and if my dear Ben has been, since I left, in the employment of Mr. L——. I hope that D— L—— goes on smack and smooth as usual. In vain, dear Sir, do I look for the scenes of former days in this country. Too often a deep sigh, and soul-rending pang, darts through my frame, that almost tells me I am yet too fond of wild western scenery to wean my fancy from them. Poor Paddy Sullivan has not been in this town, nor at Mr. C——'s, since I came here. I conclude, best and dearest friend, with begging of the Lord to shield you from the power of your enemies, and hoping you will be spoken of with the same enthusiastic affection—when you leave the mines, as here—by those who formerly knew your worth. I entreat you to pray, dear and Reverend Sir, for your humble servant,

“ ‘ JAMES SULLIVAN.’ ”

THE CONVERT REBUKED BY HIS HORSE.

Since priestly maledictions fail
To awe these heretic despisers,
The Church's power may yet avail,
If horses turn into advisers.

Two converts from the Romish Church had set out early on the Lord's-day to meet their beloved minister, who was on that morning to read the beautiful service of the Church of England, and declare the blessed tidings of pardon and peace through a crucified Saviour, to the simple congregation now assembling in the school-room at Ventry.

These two humble believers knew that it would gladden Mr. G——'s heart to see them coming to welcome him; and as they went on their way, like the ancient disciples journeying to Emmaus, they held converse with each other

on all the things that had happened. While thus employed, they were joined by several poor people who were strangers to them, as the titular Bishop's presence on that morning in the chapel at Ventry had brought many from distant parts of the country. The poor Irish need little introduction to each other, the desire to hear and communicate news being an all-sufficient banisher of ceremony. The Bishop's visit to Dingle, with how he looked, and all he said about the Irish readers,—the turn-coats, and Parson G——, was now a copious subject. "But after all," said one of the converts, "that Bishop, is no good." "What do you mean?" exclaimed a woman; "I just mean what I say," replied the convert, and having by this bold assertion arrested the attention of all present, "Surely," he continued, "it is quite plain and evident that if he was any good, or had any power, he would now work a miracle upon these turn-coats, who care nothing for his threats." "Oh," exclaimed the woman, "these turn-coats are a dreadful set. Didn't you hear that Daniel Sullivan's horse spoke to him the other day?" "Spoke to him!" said the convert, who had heard the story before, but wished to ascertain where it had originated, "why, that would be next door to a miracle, if not one altogether. But tell us

how it was? I have my doubts about it." "Oh, then," she replied, "you may be certain, it is an undoubted fact." "But how do you know that?" "For the best of all reasons, the Priest told it to us himself." "What Priest?" "Father ——." "Well, then, if the horse spoke to him, what did the horse say?" "Why, as Daniel Sullivan was riding the other day, he began abusing his horse, and pitching him to the devil. When the horse stops, and says to him, 'Master,' says he, 'you labour under a great mistake, it is not I that am going to the devil, but yourself, and your family.' 'How do you make that out?' says Daniel. 'Because,' replied the horse, 'you have left the true Church and become turn-coats;' " and "Oh!" added the poor woman, raising her hands and eyes, "what a shocking set they must be, when a brute beast would be permitted to rebuke them."

THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

The lov'd disciple saw his Lord,
 In glory stand before him;
 And from his mouth a glittering sword
 Shed added brightness o'er him.
 That sword was two-edged, to convey
 How His bless'd word cuts every way.

WHILE the Lord's believing people, and more especially his faithful Ministers, are wrestling against the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, they are enjoined to take unto them "the whole armour of God." Every weapon of that celestial armour is distinctly specified; the girdle, the breastplate, the sandals, the shield, the helmet, and lastly, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Thousands now in glory, and thousands still contending against their Great Master's enemies and their own, have found that sword *effectual* to the rending asunder the darkest

chains of Satan's forging. It is the divinely appointed means of consuming the wicked, until finally destroyed by the brightness of His coming, whom the heavens must receive until the restitution of all things. Without that resistless weapon the mightiest champions of the Christian faith have felt their strength to be but weakness, while the feeblest most untutored peasant, when given to wield it, has proved more than conqueror.

In the village of Moortown, at the foot of Brandon mountain, the Priest called at the house of one of the converts, by whom he was immediately admitted. "Are you not ashamed, John Lee," said his Reverence, "to have joined the turn-coats and deserted the true Church?" John instantly pulled out his Bible and read, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation." "Oh!" cried the Priest, in a rage, "you are one of the boys," and turning round, without further expostulation, he left the house.

Shortly after the circumstance above related, John Lee was met by another of the converts, who accosting him said, "What is this, you did to the Priest, John?" "I stabbed him," replied John. "'Stabbed him,' man! With what?" "Why, with the sword, to be sure." "What

sword?" said his friend, with astonishment, knowing that John Lee was a peaceable man. "The sword of the Spirit," replied John, "which is the Word of God."

THE GRATEFUL IRISHMAN.

Full many a bright electric spark
Of intellect is doomed to be
Extinguished by the influence dark,
The chilling blasts of poverty.

THE heart that teems with pure unfeigned charity, and with the love of God and man, cares not whether contiguous or isolated the person is to whom it would administer aid and consolation: it rests satisfied with knowing that the object is in distress, and that God has given itself the means to succour that object. It then cheerfully exhilarates the depressed, alleviates his woes, and endeavours to smoothen his rugged path during his journey in this transitory world. Such a heart, replete with those Divine energetic principles, found me out, and sent me by Mr. D——, a subsidy, *all the way from ——, to my homely cot, on the banks of the limpid river Feale; and for*

the assistance which your hand has given me, may God grant you grace, and after your spending a long and prosperous life in this world, may you be eternally chanting his praises, in association with the Angels in heaven hereafter. This is, and will be, the fervent and constant prayer of

Your Honour's humble and obedient servant,

WILLIAM T. M'ELLIGATT.

The writer of the above has not only to contend against the pressure of extreme poverty, but he has felt, and still feels the iron grasp of persecution; not for having renounced the Pope's authority, for he professes himself still a member of the Church of Rome, but for continuing to read the Word of God in his native language; and, having had courage, despite of Priestly censure, to instruct his more ignorant neighbours, in that knowledge "which maketh wise the simple."

These lines should the children of affluence scan,
Oh, may they remember the children of toil;
Remember with pity the poor Irishman,
In his lone little cot on the banks of the Foyle.

A VISIT TO INNISFALLAN.

There is in legends of the past,
Our fathers heard before us,
A power to sooth the mind, and cast
A pleasing sadness o'er us.

WITH the admirers of nature May and October are favourite months: the former, while insensibly blending the freshness of spring into the bloom of summer, opens a bright vista of promised enjoyment; and the latter, though it rob the oak of its vivid green, and steal away the tulip, the lily, and the rose, by arraying itself in all the golden hues and varied tinges of autumn, proffers rich, though somewhat mournful, compensation. A brighter afternoon had succeeded rather a cloudy morning in October, when a stranger, who had stood for some time silently contemplating a landscape of unrivalled beauty, saw a small boat shoot out from among the trees

which surround Innisfallan, as with a natural rampart, and whose size and thickness would render approach to the island extremely difficult, did they not here and there separate, and form coves or landing-places, affording to the admiring eye a slight glimpse of the paradise within. From one of these coves the boat made direct for Ross, and two young men, resting on their oars as they approached the quay, surveyed the stranger with looks of intelligence. "If your Honour be for the water," said one of them, "this is as clean and as sound a boat as ever you set foot in. We will row you to Olena, in no time; or, if you are for seeing the Upper Lake, we can have more hands, and I'll warrant we'll be down again before nightfall." "A bold assertion that," replied the stranger, "considering the time of day. But if you will take me to yon island, from whence you came, and call for me in an hour or two, you shall not regret your trouble." "Is it to Innisfallan?—Oh, to be sure, Sir!—a sweet spot, and a holy one; the match of it, as great travellers that come from all parts allow, is not to be seen in the universal world. Your Honour won't be for staying late at Innisfallan?" said a weather-beaten tar, who sat at the helm. "Not late, my friend;—but, why

so?" "Because the rooks are putting their night-caps on, and when the cormorants come in such flocks near to shore, there is likely to be foul weather at their tail."

"Stop your croaking, Bill," said one of the young boatmen; "rest satisfied that you'll be food for the cormorants yet, can't you, without striving to hinder the gentleman's diversion?" As he spoke he extended his hand with a good-humoured laugh, in which all, even Bill himself, joined, and the stranger accepting his proffered aid, was speedily landed on the beautiful island of Innisfallan.

Having engaged to return in two hours, the boatmen again directed their course for Ross, whose ancient castle arose from among its woods like the time-honoured guardian of this romantic region. For a few moments the stranger stood observing the active rowers as they dashed the bright spray from their oars, and then, left to the undisturbed enjoyment of his own reflections, he proceeded to a nearer investigation of a spot which had so attracted him at a distance. He had walked for some time, pausing at intervals to admire the rich variety of foliage and the diversity of hill and dale with which the island abounds, when his attention was arrested by what appeared to have been an abbey or some kind of monastic

building. One tower had alone resisted the ravages of time, while the ivy which clung closely or hung in wild festoons around the mouldering walls, seemed to lend them fond but frail support. Wandering among moss-grown stones and ruined arches, a vision of long-vanished days stole over the stranger's mind, when the solitary ruin which he now beheld had been the chosen abode of men who, retiring from the world, had led here a life of self-denial, and, according to their views, most acceptable to the Great Author of their being. "And here they sleep," he said, "beneath the ruins of their ancient home, not even the fall of these mouldering walls could break their deep repose, and so shall the multitudes now moving on the face of the earth be laid within its bosom, and all their worldly cares, anxieties, and toils, be remembered no more." As he spoke aloud in the deep involuntary feeling of the moment, a sudden gust of wind swept through the ruins, and raising his eyes, the aspect of the heavens assured him that Bill was no false prophet. He had turned to seek shelter from the rain which began to fall heavily, when he was accosted by an old man clad in a long blue coat, which was fastened round the waist by a rude leathern girdle; his silver hair flowed

from beneath a hat, or rather, what had once been one, and there was a benignity in his countenance and a kindness in the tones of his voice, that at once prepossessed the stranger in his favour. "Will your Honour be pleased to enter my poor cabin?" said the old man; "it is no place, to be sure, for a gentleman like you, but it is better than staying under the rain." So saying, and without waiting for reply, he led the way to a cabin so low that the stranger was fain to stoop almost double as he entered. "You shall have a good fire, any way," said the old man; and with a smile of welcome he heaped some dry wood on the hearth, which soon kindled and broke into a cheering blaze. "You won't leave Innisfallan to-night, Sir?" he continued, placing his only chair for the stranger. "I have no thought of remaining, my good friend, the boatmen promised to be here in an hour or two." "Ah, the knaves! Well enough they knew what was coming; there will be a blast this night, which no boat could stand; it is time for me to know the storm sign on the lake, I have been looking at it these seventy years."

"I should have thought that you had numbered more than seventy," said the stranger, "there are lines of great age upon your brow." "Sorrow

has been a little beforehand with time," replied the old man, "the tears which we shed on our children's graves leave deep furrows." The last words were scarcely audible, as the old man bent his venerable head over the stick which he was in the act of breaking to supply the fire, while the stranger, feeling that he had touched a chord which vibrated painfully, hastened to change the subject.

"Since you are of opinion that the boatmen will not return this evening, and seem so hospitably resolved to share your fire with a stranger, you will not, I hope, deny me the pleasure of assisting you to replenish it."

"It will not burn the less brightly that a father's tear was on it," said the old man, as he relinquished the oaken bough to the more powerful hand of his guest. "A bright fire, a hearty welcome, new milk, and potatoes, are all I have to offer," he continued, "yet I would be grieved to see them coming for you; but there is little fear of it, they would scarcely be mad enough to brave this storm; though at all times but too ready to risk soul and body for a glass." "I have seen, with much concern," observed the stranger, "that the desire for spirits (or, what they term mountain-dew), prevails to a destructive

degree amongst the inhabitants of this beautiful country." "And well may your Honour say. Many a babe has whiskey deprived of its father, and many a widow's tears has it caused to flow. The very beggar in the street will give the penny taken from the hand of charity for a dram. They may talk of all that Saint Patrick did in Ireland, and to be sure, he did a great deal, but the saint, be he who he may, that banished whiskey from her, will have a greater reward still."

While thus conversing time passed, and darkness began to add its horrors to the tempest which seemed each moment to increase in violence, and, although the prospect of passing the night in the cabin, was not very attractive to the stranger, he felt grateful for the shelter it afforded, and could not but admire the good-will with which the kind owner prepared the only bed of which he was master, for his accommodation, spreading soiled hay in the corner for himself. He then set about cooking potatoes, and, with hospitable alacrity placed an ample bowl of new milk on a little round table by the fire.

Having partaken with true relish of this simple fare, the stranger asked his kind entertainer how long he had lived upon the island. "Man, I

boy, I have known Innisfallan," replied the old man, "but I have been here entirely for the last forty years, looking after the island for my Lord's father; and now, for my Lord, himself." He allows me the milk of a cow, and the potatoe-garden;—all that I want." "And do you not fear to live here, by yourself?" "No, your Honour. What have I to fear? The living won't harm me, I have nothing for them to covet; and the dead (rest their souls) would'nt, if they could. They who dipped their hands in the blood of the holy men of this island, are gone to answer for it long ago. The souls of the murdered saints are happy, and their bones lie here quiet enough, under a great flag, which I will show your Honour, to-morrow." "You do not, surely, mean to say, that they were murdered?" said the stranger, "I should have thought the veneration in which they are reputed to have been held, might have preserved them from such a fate." "Ah, Sir! the workers of that bloody deed had but one master, and it is easy to tell who he was; the wages he promised them was the gold of this world; and they know well, now, how he has paid them in the next." "Yet, surely, my good old friend, the poor monks of whom you speak had no wealth to draw the murderer

to their peaceful island?" "Your Honour judges right, in supposing that they had little of their own: but I have heard my father say, and a good warrant he had for speaking, being, as himself certified, the greatest antiquarian (that is the word) of his day, knowing all the stones and the dates of every castle and abbey, for hundreds of miles round. Our own abbey here (he discovered) was built near a thousand years ago, and dedicated to Saint Finian, the Leper. Ah, Sir, he was a great scholar, though he called me son that never was like him, only having a kind of reverence for old buildings and old stones that will go down with me to the grave, though I have no skill in describing them. But, as your Honour—unlike to many that visit this sainted island and run over it just to have it to say they had seen Innisfallan—as your Honour looks at me while I talk my own poor words, as if you took a real interest in the fate of these holy men, I will tell you the sad history, in the words of him, who knew how to speak in a scholarly manner to a gentleman. 'The Holy Brotherhood,' said my father (rest his soul), 'The Holy Brotherhood of this ancient abbey lived in troublesome times, when there was neither law nor order, only might was right; and the chiefs themselves found it

all they could do, to get their strong vassals to fight for them, when they went to battle against other chiefs; but as to protecting the weak, or doing justice to the oppressed, they had neither will nor power for that; so, all that peaceable men had to do was to bring any trifle in gold or silver they possessed, to the monks: and at the period of the terrible massacre at Innisfallan it was noised abroad that there was much wealth hid in the abbey, which, no doubt, brought the murderers to shed the innocent blood of those who guarded it.' "

"Were the perpetrators of so foul a crime natives of this lovely country?" said the stranger.

"That question, your Honour, reminds me of what my father used to reply, when the same was put to him, for he never was at a loss—having all his speeches by heart—"I am bound both to answer and profess, that the natives of Killarney and its vicinity are clear of that crimson stain, which might well cast a veil of darkness over all the charms of our far-famed landscapes, and be our shame and reproach for succeeding generations.' It was very fine, Sir, to hear him *expatiate*, for that was the word he always used instead of talk. Being one of the first English scholars of his time; and as to Irish no one

ever came near him." "Tell me, my good friend," said the stranger, "did you ever hear him read or speak of the Bible?" The old man paused with a perplexed countenance: "I believe," said he at length, "that my father being, as he often said, 'a faithful son of the Church,' never took it upon him to look into that sacred book, but he had all the lives of the saints at his fingers' ends; and as to miracles, it would have made your hair stand upright to hear him tell about them. Oh! he was one worth attending to,—not such an ignorant poor man as me (as he often said) 'that he was ashamed to call me his son—wasting his substance in trying to beat learning into a brain of brick and mortar, to which nothing would stick but a few of his own stories,' that hearing from the time he rocked me in the cradle until I laid him under the sod I could not well forget." "But you have not yet told me the particulars of the poor monks' death?" said the stranger. "Well, your Honour, you shall have it as related by himself thirty years ago:—

"It was dead of night, when a distant savage clan surrounded Innisfallan in their boats. The moon and the stars, and the God that made them, looked down on their butcher work, but the history of it all shall not be told until the

last great day of reckoning, for they left not even a dog alive to witness against them. But in the still midnight there rose a cry so shrill and piercing, that every mountain echoed to the voice of its agony; and at the first dawning of morning, boats were seen to pass towards the Upper Lake, deeply laden no doubt, with the accursed spoil for which they had pledged their souls to the evil one.'

"A dreadful spectacle it was to those who next landed on Innisfallan, to see the blessed men who had been their protectors and counsellors, all covered with wounds, cold and stiff in their gore; and such a lamentation Glenaror Carantual never heard, as was borne over the lake from the grave where their loved remains were laid. You shall see the spot in the morning, Sir, it is just at the entrance of a little chapel which was built for the devout to say prayers, for the souls of those that lie underneath." "Ah, my good old man," said the stranger, "if they had not found rest in the Saviour of sinners, before they were sent by the merciless hands of their fellow-creatures to await the judgment of the final day, little would mortal prayers avail them. Tell me, can you read?" "My father took care of that," said the old man, "he had me at the

primer from the time I was the height of a sod of turf, and many's the bitter tear I shed over it." "And do you ever read? Have you any books?" "Why then, it is no great store I can boast of, for what my father used to call his 'literary possessions' wore out with himself, or fell to pieces after him, except one that I have here upon the shelf called 'The Twelve Champions of Christendom;' fine reading indeed, but I am not trusting to that," he continued, fumbling in his pocket, "I have a little book of devotion of my own, which is better worth your Honour's notice." "A Roman Catholic Prayer-book," said the stranger; and opening the little volume, he turned over its leaves until the Litany of the Virgin fixed his attention, "Morning Star Ark: of the Covenant: Refuge of Sinners, pray for us." "What terms are these," he exclaimed, with astonishment and horror, "and to whom addressed, even to the meek and lowly Mary, who said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour.' What do you, my good old man, suppose the Lord Jesus Christ saved the Virgin Mary from?" "Indeed, your Honour, I cannot take upon me to say." "From the punishment due to sin," replied *the stranger*. "She required the perfect atonement

made upon the cross by Him who took his mortal nature from her, as much as you or I do ; she knew it, and therefore she rejoiced in God, her Saviour. Blessed indeed among women, she is, and ever must be. But to call her the 'Refuge of Sinners,' to intreat her to pray for us, is to reject the only intercessor between God and man, the only 'name given under heaven whereby we must be saved.'" "But sure," said the old man, "we are told in the litany of our Lady of Loretta, to call her the 'Refuge of Sinners.'" "These are man's words, my friend," said the stranger, "but I will show you the Word of God; it is my travelling companion and my chief delight." He then opened a pocket Bible, and read several verses expressive of the full, free, and perfect salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ for all who believe in his name. "That seems a blessed book, indeed, Sir," said the old man, who had listened with deep attention.

"It shall be your own," said the stranger; "I can easily provide myself with another; but you must promise to read at least a chapter every day, and never to part with it." "Never, but with life," exclaimed the old man, as he took the sacred volume from the kind hand which proffered it. "And now, perhaps your Honour may

excuse my asking you to explain one thing, and that same is, whether your Honour be a clergyman or an officer? It seems to me, who, to be sure, am no great judge, that you have a military step and air about you, but then your knowing so much of religion puts that to flight altogether." "Yet I cannot see," replied the stranger, smiling, "how my being engaged in the service of an earthly sovereign should prevent my marching under the banner of the King of kings." "You are an officer then," cried the old man: "I guessed as much, and it is all the better I like you for it; I had two sons, brave lads, the joy of my old heart; they served under the victorious Wellington;" he paused, then added, "They fell at Waterloo, and left me like a withered oak shorn of its branches." "Not too withered for the water of life to revive it," said the stranger, as he grasped the old man's hand: "May that same water, which you will read in the fourth chapter of St. John's Gospel, the Saviour of the world gave to the woman of Samaria, be to you a well of water springing up 'into everlasting life.'"

The bright sunbeams glanced through the various apertures in the cabin door, when the stranger awoke the next morning, and fearful of disturbing his venerable host, who still slumbered, stole

softly forth to enjoy the delightful freshness of the air. The storm had quite passed away, and left the rain-drops like so many diamond sparks glittering on the luxuriant evergreens, while at every step, fresh verdure seemed to spring beneath his feet. The mountains, with their moveable transparent drapery of clouds; the lake, calm and beautiful, with its islands, promontories, and bays; the clear blue heavens, into which the sky-lark ascended as he sang; the still, pure loveliness of all around, filled the stranger's bosom with joy inexpressible. "If this world," he exclaimed, "changed and blighted by the power of evil, is still so wondrous fair, what must be the surpassing beauty of those bright regions, where thou, my God and Saviour, awaiteth the consummation of all things!"

Thus wrapt in contemplation, the stranger followed a path leading to the Abbey, to which the old man's narrative had given new interest. But the solitary tower was no more, the angel of the storm had stricken it, and it lay with all its wild ivy tendrils in undistinguished masses at his feet. While silently contemplating the scattered fragments, the stranger was joined by his kind host, who came to summon him to their morning repast, and to point out the flag beneath which the mortal remains of the friars reposed. It was just as he had described it—at the

entrance of a small low building called a chapel, but which appeared as neglected, as the grave of the departed.

"The last saint who dwelt here," said the old man, "was a holy hermit. It was before my father's time, as you may guess, Captain, by the size of that great tree; it sprang up I am certified, from the very mound under which he was buried; and I tell the boy, a sister's son of mine, Captain, who comes now and then to look after me, when he finds me dead, just to lay me there, being holy ground."

"It matters little, my good friend," said the stranger, "where the body moulders to its native dust, so the undying spirit be with its God." The old man took off his hat, and crossing himself devoutly, replied, "It is not for me, sinner that I am, to share in the joy of the blessed saints who watched, and worked, and fasted upon this island, to say nothing of all their alms-givings and penances, until at least, I have passed through my purification, that is, in purgatory, Captain." "I read of no such place," said the stranger, "nor will you find it in your Bible. You will there see Saint Paul's answer to the jailer at Philippi, who asked him, as you perhaps may have asked your Priest, 'What must I do to be saved?' There

was not a word in the great Apostle's reply, of penance or of purgatory, but simply, 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' Think you, that He who bare our sins and carried our sorrows—who loved us and gave himself for us, will consign his penitent, believing people from the bodily anguish of dissolving nature into an after-state of sufferings; as if his blood shed for us was not a sufficient atonement. Oh, no! He engages to be with us when we pass through 'the valley of the shadow of death,' he desires us to fear no evil, for he will comfort us."

"Amen!" said the old man, in a tone of deep feeling, "you will be going from me, this fine morning, Captain, and may the blessing of God go and remain with you, when the poor old heart which you have cheered can feel no longer."

"See what the storm has done," said the stranger, pointing to the fallen tower. "Ay!" replied the old man, "I thought it would last me out, but it is laid low before me. There is little now to mark this holy spot; nothing of the ancient Abbey but a few mouldering walls: yet, some will be dreaming that gold is buried here, and they come rooting among the old stones; though, to my knowledge, they have not got as

much for their pains as would fill my father's snuff-box." As he spoke, he tapped a huge tube formed of deer's horn, which returned a hollow melancholy sound. "Well, my friend," said the stranger, "here is something that may enable your box to afford you a more agreeable response, and you can tell these poor foolish people, should they come again in quest of the gold which perisheth, that you have found a treasure indeed, even the word of Him, who 'spake as never man spake : ' and, remember, it is a treasure which is not to lie idle, but one for which you will have to give account." Having breakfasted on the same fare as that of the previous evening, the stranger, still accompanied by the old man, who as the parting hour drew near seemed to cling to him more closely, went to meet the boatmen, now awaiting his order.

"Well, your Honour," cried Bill, "was'nt I right in respect of the cormorants?"

"Yes; and I have to thank you for leaving me here all night."

"Oh! we knew well enough that old Brian would take you in, and hope, your Honour, there's no offence nor harm, seeing that it was all the fault of the storm?"

"No harm, indeed," said the stranger, "but,"

he continued, extending his hand to the old man, "I trust, much good. Farewell, my kind old friend. May we both remember with equal pleasure and profit the storm and the calm which followed it. May we in every trial be given to hear His voice who said unto the tempest, 'Peace, be still.'"

The old man essayed to answer, but in vain; a tear stole slowly down his furrowed cheek, and his venerable form, leaning against a tree, mingled with the stranger's last view of Innisfallan.

THE FUNERAL.

The mighty Shepherd of the flock,
 Alone can smite the flinty rock,
 And healing waters raise;
 Can render him who most withstood,
 A favour'd instrument of good,
 A monument of praise.

THE voice of woe and lamentation was hushed, and the coffin was laid down near to the opened grave. It was the funeral of a Protestant, yet nearly an hundred Roman Catholics had assembled; some, to pay the last duty which they could offer to the memory of one whom they had known from childhood; and some, to hear the beautifully solemn Burial Service of the Church of England, read in their own loved native language.

It was a lone but not unlovely spot—that solitary church-yard—the few trees in the neighbourhood of Dingle seemed as if met together there, to shelter

with summer foliage, and to shed autumnal leaves upon the moss-grown tombstones of the humble dead.

As yet, although summer had taken her farewell glance of these favourite trees, they had lost nothing of their verdant beauty. The soft breath of a mild August morning came wafted from the lofty summits of Conner-hill, scarcely waving the boughs under which were laid the cold remains of one who had often trod lightly there, until "earth to earth" should be given, and dust restored to dust.

Among the spectators who listened to the affecting service—clothed in a language whose deep pathos and forcible expressions heightened the solemn lesson it was so well calculated to convey—was the Rev. John Gregg. He knew the Irish language well. He not only loved it as his own, but it was dear to him as the medium through which he had often poured Divine consolation into the breaking heart, and revived the spirits of the contrite; and he could enter into and comprehend the emotions of the simple hearers; until a deeper feeling, a more engrossing interest, concentrated all his attention on the officiating clergyman, every tone of whose voice, as he addressed the assembled people in Irish, setting forth him who is the Resurrection and the Life,

as "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," renewed upon the wondrous tablets of the mind a long-vanished scene, and awakened every minute particular of a circumstance which seemed well-nigh forgotten.

Twelve years ago Mr. Gregg preached an Irish sermon in the Court-house at Dingle, when he had been much annoyed by a young man, a bigotted Romanist, who tried to interrupt him by striking the table with a stick, and making every possible disturbance when anything was said against Popery, and now he stood beside a minister of the Established Church. He witnessed the deep feeling with which he had read that soul-touching service o'er the dead; he heard him preach the everlasting Gospel in all its fulness, its freeness, and its sufficiency; he observed the deep and earnest piety of his manner, the devotion expressed in his countenance—yet, he could not be—he was not mistaken. The Reverend Mr. M——, the clergyman now before him, was the very individual who had withstood him twelve years ago in the Court-house of Dingle, and who now preached the Gospel which he then destroyed.

THE IRISH CORRESPONDENT.

Think, when this letter meets your sight,
I have small wisdom to indite,
And very little skill to write.

"6th July, 1837.

"HONOURED——,—I thought I would be able to go to see you before now, or at least, send you a letter of thanks for myself and family: but we have joined in prayer to the Lord to keep you in all your ways; and at last, present you faultless and without blame, clothed in His righteousness, before the bar of justice, and then say, Go, 'thou blessed of my Father, into that rest which is prepared for the people of God.' Please to excuse my freedom in asking you to remember me to my unchangeable friend.

"I am giving you too much trouble in reading so long a letter, but I hope the Lord will enable you to bear with me, as the rest of my discourse

will be about what he is doing for the souls of our poor countrymen. There is nothing to be heard in the chapels, but cursing and blasting the poor Irish Teachers and their scholars. Last Sabbath but one, for the first time I met an Irish Teacher on his way to church. 'What makes you in town so early, John?' said I. 'I am going to hear the prayers that I can understand, Sir,' says John. 'Are you not afraid of the Priest's curse?' said I. 'No more than if I heard a dog bark,' replied John. 'Did you hear, Sir, how he cursed my little horse, last Sunday, for your riding him, and the owner, and the bridle, and the saddle, and the man who lent them to us; but who's the worse for his cursing?' says John.

"The Priest in D——, who cursed the woman before, continued dodging me for three days through the streets, and pointing at me to the people, telling them to beware of that rascal whom the devil had prepared to trap them. The Lord, I hope, showed me the way to foil the Priest, so, while he was parading the streets looking after me, I started off to Ventry harbour, where he had defeated me a few weeks since. But it was *me* he defeated, not the Lord.

"As soon as I arrived in the village, the very woman whom the Priest made a handle of, ran

three miles to call her husband to the Irish meeting; I think the number was nine. I stopped with them about four hours; and what was the result? It was that every one of them (Mr. Gayer told me) came to church the following Sabbath. This is the Lord's work, and we will have the victory through him. Please to hear an anecdote of Priest F——, the ringleader of my murderers in the west. About five or six years ago he had a dispute with an Irish Teacher for not coming to confession. The Teacher's answer was, that he would not confess to any Priest on earth. To save his vow, the Priest got a boat and sent for the Teacher that he might confess to him on the sea, but the Teacher sent him word that he would not confess to a man like himself either on sea or land, while his Irish Bible secured him that Jesus Christ was 'the way, the truth, and the life.'

"May this be the happy lot of all who read the Word of God, prays

"Yours truly, in Christ Jesus the Lord,

"T. D——, IRISH INSPECTOR."

The above letter, and the following, are given as they fell from the pen of the simple and pious

writer. During the interval of fourteen months, he had been the rejoicing witness that his prayer was granted; the seed scattered by that Divine Word had risen amid the thorns of persecution, and the desert was beginning to blossom as the rose.

"Dingle, 6th of September, 1838.

"HONOURED —,—As usual I called at my unchangeable friend's place yesterday, and finding that you were absent, it gave me no small concern, as I had something to tell you that I would not tell to more than three other friends in Kerry, neither will I put it down with pen and ink, but trust that the Lord, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, will spare you and I to meet again. I suppose you heard of the large meetings we had in Kerry, during the time that Mr. Gregg remained with us. You may be sure I was pleased with every meeting, but not so much with any as with that at Ventry, and I am certain, so will you, after I tell you how the school-house was lined. The desks were put close to the wall, and the children of the converts standing on them round the house, while their fathers and their mothers sat quietly hearing the truth from the man

of God, in that one language dear to the Irish heart. The number of children present was fifty-two. After the meeting was over, one of these little boys was abused by a Roman Catholic woman for going to hear the Protestant minister. 'But,' says the boy, 'poor woman! as you cannot read yourself, you should go and hear the Irish Bible read; and if you did so, you would be soon like Mr. Gregg.' 'How is that?' said she. 'Why,' said the child, 'you would not find praying to saints, to the Virgin, to Peter, or to Paul, or to any of the rest of your cronies, neither would you find the Mass in the Bible.' You know the child's father well: his name is Daniel Sullivan, one of our first converts from Popery; the boy's age is ten years.

"By reason of suspected irregularity in the schools in the south, the friends in Tralee ordered me to the Ivragh district. Soon after I arrived in Cahir some of the Protestants asked me, was it a fact, that every convert I brought out of the Church of Rome, and gave up to Mr. Gayer, should undergo the operation of drawing from their veins every drop of Popish blood and supplying them with Mr. Gayer's blood! 'If this be the case,' replied I, 'no wonder our dear friend would look pale in the face.' What do

you think of such Protestants to help the cause of their Redeemer?

“ On my way to Kenmare, I called at Derrynane, and stopping at a house near the Roman Catholic chapel, I asked the woman if she could give me a little milk. She replied that she had no sweet milk. ‘ I have butter-milk,’ said she, ‘ but it is so sour you could not drink it.’ ‘ Why,’ said I, ‘ this is not half as sour as the drink the Lord Jesus Christ drank for me.’ This drew on a conversation, and very soon I had about forty, young and old, of Dan’s barefooted boys. I took out of my Irish Hymn-book two or three hymns for them. One of the men travelled about a mile with me. He could read a little of the Irish, and I hope (with God’s blessing) I will be able to make an Irish Teacher of him. I left him my hymn-book, the only one I had.

“ On the south side of the Kenmare river I visited an Irish school. The Master lives on the side of a mountain, in a miserable cabin, without even a door to it. Though he is one of the servants of the Lord, and has to fight against the slave-master—that is, the Priest—I am sure (under mercy), if poor Murphy was even slightly supported, the same parish would be soon like Ventry. The poor fellow travelled with me two miles; and

when parting, he took me by the hand, with his Bible in the other hand, and said, 'Blessed be the Son of God that made me free, and gave me *this* sword, to stand against an idol Priest and cruel neighbours.' I asked him if he would wish to be removed from the parish. 'No!' said he: 'am I afraid of man that will die? Have I not the Lord's promise that He will never leave me, neither forsake me? and has He not given me twenty-six on my side, besides my own family? God be with you!' said the poor fellow, 'and give my love to all my brothers in Christ.'

"On last Sunday night, passing through the Gap of Dunlow, I was benighted. But (glory be to the Lord!) I was not alone. Through His power and the work of His Holy Spirit, there was one by my side, bearing his cross, willing to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ, 'though five weeks ago a lawful captive of Satan, but now one of the *freemen* of Kerry, and his name, I trust, written in the Book of Life.' This young man is an Irish Teacher, and lives near the town. The Priests are mad about his leaving them, and so is their Master.

"May the Lord bring you safe home, and comfort us by your return! May He bless the good lady who translated the little book, and spare

useful lives !—may God bring Mr. G——r safe from England !—may the Church of Christ prosper as the rose !—may the Lord break every yoke that is lined with blood, and put on the yoke that is lined with love !—is the prayer of your Honour's humble servant, unworthy as I feel myself (I'll say in Christ Jesus), and in the brightest beams of Christian regard,

“ T. D., IRISH INSPECTOR,
“ *One of the Freemen of Kerry.*”

THE FISHERS' BOAT LAUNCHED AT VENTRY HARBOUR.

To humble fishermen was given
A Mission from the Lord of Heaven ;
And now 'tis theirs, o'er Erin's tide,
A Missionary bark to guide.

WHERE the mountains veil their summits high,
In the fleecy clouds of the summer's sky,
And the bright waves flow on the sandy shore,
And the breakers mock at the ocean's roar,
And the deep caves echo the sea-bird's note,
Behold the launch of the Fishers' boat.

Behold her crew, seven seamen brave,
As ere spread net on the moonlight wave :
Their hearts were dark, and their hope was dim,
Till they heard of Christ, and follow'd Him ;
Till they left their nets at the joyful sound
Of the Gospel trumpet echoing round.

The friends that seem'd to love before,
When they took the Cross would love no more ;
Their craft was gone, their children's bread,
But they trusted Him who Israel fed :
Against them clos'd each heart and hand,
They were strangers in their native land.

Yet they bare reproach* for their Lord and King,
And he shelter'd them beneath His wing :
He gave them courage to endure,
He made them feel His promise sure ;
He rais'd them friends on that shore remote,
He launch'd for them the Fishers' boat.

Her snow-white flag it is floating fair,
And the Dove of peace is pictur'd there :

* Seven poor Ventry fishermen having endured much persecution for embracing the truth, at length experienced the fulfilment of that blessed promise, " Thy bread shall be sure." A pious individual, who had been a shield in the day of trouble to many of the afflicted converts, represented their case to *one* unto whom the Lord had given both the will and ability to relieve them; and the persecuted fishermen had soon a boat in which they might pursue their trade unmolested and support their families in comfort. Whenever it is used as a Missionary boat to visit the Blaskets and other islands, the *whole* flag is seen floating on the breeze.

The Islander rejoicing sees,
That sacred banner on the breeze :
It points to the realms of endless day,
As it swiftly glides o'er the gladden'd sea.

From the wide expanse of the silent deep,
Where fishermen their vigils keep ;
Where the wonders of the Lord appear,
In the starry heavens and the ocean clear ;
What joyful sounds o'er the waters float,
'Tis the hymn of praise from the Fishers' boat.

VENTRY.

Rejoice with grateful Innisfail,
 Ye generous sons of Albion's shore ;
 With her, the star of promise hail,
 With her, Redeeming love adore.

SHALL we not commence the closing chapter of Erin's simple tales by an ascription of praise to the Most High God? Shall we not acknowledge with adoring gratitude, that through His all-conquering Word, "the little one hath become a thousand?" and own his Divine Providence, directing every event, and saying to His people, under every discouragement, "Where is the fury of the oppressor?"

Oh! thou great and glorious Source of all good, "who coverest thyself with light as with a garment," deign not only to receive our thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed, but pour thy Spirit on us, until our ascended Saviour's long-neglected mission

be fulfilled ; until the land we call our own shall echo with the glad tidings of salvation ; and these that have no light, no hope, no comfort, be given " beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ! "

Ventry, the subject of this chapter, and as ancient legends tell, the scene of Erin's long-protracted strife and final victory, is beautifully situated on the western coast of Kerry, about three miles from Dingle. Its humble village runs chiefly along the sea-shore, commanding one of the best and safest harbours in Ireland, and never did the ocean waves flow in upon a smoother, fairer strand. To the rear of the village, the great Mount Eagle towers in lofty pride ; and far to the right, seen amid the waters of the vast Atlantic, the Skellig rocks lift their red marble pyramids, like the ancient ruins of some giant fortress of the sea.

On the 11th of December, 1837, the writer's heart was rejoiced by the first interesting particulars respecting Ventry, given in the following letter :—

" Do you remember, when we were going to Syble Head last August, passing through the village of Ventry ? where you had to get off the

car, and walk through the sand? In that village the Lord has been pleased to do great things, and we have there a little colony of fifty-six Protestants; although the chapel is in the centre of the village, and from its altar, Sabbath after Sabbath, curses have been denounced upon the Irish Masters and scholars. Six months ago we tried to establish a school at Ventry, but were obliged to give it up, as the Priest had then sufficient influence to take away every child. But now, we have forty-two children, whose attendance can be relied upon, and the expectation of more. Feeling the importance of doing something for them, I went to Ventry on Tuesday last, and in a few minutes collected fourteen adults, and had a nice meeting at the very chapel-gate: and then it was that I found how many were on our side. I got the names of forty-two children and twenty-five adults, who had thrown off the Popish yoke, and who were most anxious for some place in which they might assemble to attend Divine service and have the Gospel preached to them. This was so clearly an opening from the Lord, that I immediately inquired if a house could be got, and was taken to see a row of houses, and found that there were two contiguous, which might be made into one by throwing down a partition-wall, which would

give us a nice room twenty-eight feet long by fifteen wide, the very thing we wanted; besides a room for the Master, who is a sincere Christian, and who came to a knowledge of the truth by teaching his poor neighbours to read the Irish Scriptures. I lost no time in applying to the landlord of the houses, and agreed to give him four pounds a-year for both, with permission to throw them into one. This was the work of a few minutes; and before sufficient time elapsed for the matter to be known, all was settled, and I had arranged with the heads of the families to meet to-day to take away the partition-wall.

“On arriving this morning at Ventry I found a number of our people busy at the work. ‘How comes this?’ said I to D——, whom I had sent some time before me. ‘Oh!’ said he, ‘such work you never saw as we have had. Father *John S——, my friend*, was informed that the houses had been taken, but for what purpose was not known, and he gave notice that he would be with us himself. In consequence of which, when our men began to work in the morning, four of the villagers came into the house and said that the Priest would be there shortly. “So much the better,” replied our brave fellows, “we will then tell him what we are about!” They

then commenced pulling down the wall, but not a hand would any of the villagers give them, but seemed delighted when, from want of tools, they found it difficult to make a breach in the wall. Suddenly word was brought that the Priest was coming, on which our men locked the door to prevent any of the people leaving the house, that they might hear them tell the Priest a little of their mind. But no Priest came. He stopped about sixty yards from the house, spoke for a few minutes to some persons, and then rode off.

“When the villagers found their champion fled they changed their tone. Off ran one for a hammer, another for a spade; every article that we required was soon at our command; and by the time that I arrived, all was nearly cleared away. We have now the whole village on our side. It would have delighted your heart to see about forty of us working away (to use their own expression) for the bare life, in the best humour with one another possible. Surely we have great reason to bless the Lord for having given us such favour in the sight of the people. Twelve months ago, had we been engaged in the same work at Ventry, we would have been torn in pieces by the very people who were working with us to-day. Well may we say, ‘What has the Lord wrought!’ And now,

as to the school-house, I purpose (D.V.) to have a lecture in it once a-week. It has caused great joy amongst our people, and I have already a congregation of sixty persons, young and old; and if the work progresses as it has done lately, and of which we have every prospect, as a great many in the village and around it are reading the Scriptures in Irish, ere long the house will not contain them. Ventry is the most interesting place that I know of. If it was the Lord's will, I wish we had you here. We want more labourers, and I want some money to floor the school-room, and get some forms, &c.; and I must have a pulpit. Oh! methinks I hear you say, 'What a place is this Dingle, always begging for it; and its minister is a near relation to the Big Beggar-man!' But well I know such will not be your thoughts; but that with all your heart you would help on the work. Our school-house is close to Ventry Harbour, celebrated in history for a great battle. But there is a greater battle being fought there now: our army increasing in numbers every day; and soon I hope we shall be strong enough to defy the champion of the Philistines to open combat. In a fortnight's time I shall be sounding the Gospel trumpet to sixty individuals at least, within sight of the chapel; and in a place where, had I

attempted it some months ago, there would have been, in all probability, an end to me and my begging for ever.

"Of all the villages in the barony, Ventry is the most important to have on our side; for it is one through which every person coming to Dingle from the west must pass, and which was dreaded before: but now (if necessary) our Masters and our scholars would seek for, and find refuge there. I expect to open the school the day after Christmas; and a motley group I shall have, as far as dress goes."

On the eve of that great Christian festival, when the Lord of heaven and earth bowed his glory and came down to redeem a lost and sentenced world, an answer to the above letter was received by its beloved and pious writer, which enabled him to fit up his village school-house for the reception of its humble inmates; and thus the work commenced in faith was completed by love. Should we mourn that love, so unceasingly exercised, has sought the source from whence it flowed? that the noble individual, who so liberally responded to Ventry's *first* appeal for aid, has passed into those unclouded regions where the just, made perfect, behold their God? We should not. Yet,

if it be given to the departed to contemplate their Saviour's triumphs upon earth, how must her glorified spirit rejoice to behold the progress of that work which it was almost her last earthly care to foster.

Our next communication from Ventry is dated January 10, 1838 :—

“ I should have written to thank you for your kind letter, enclosing Lady R——'s liberal donation of 20*l*. for the Lord's work in this neighbourhood sooner, but that I waited to tell you about the first opening of our school at Ventry, which event took place yesterday. We had but thirty-two children, as the day being very cold, several others, who lived at a distance, were unable to attend from want of clothes; but I am sure, after a little time, we shall have a fine school.

“ One young man, of twenty-five years of age, came and had his name put down as a scholar. He is a Roman Catholic. Were not the people afraid of excommunication, our house would not hold half the children. One man said, that he wished the Priest would threaten him for sending his children, as he only wanted an excuse to leave Popery.

“ You would have been amused had you seen

two old women lead in another old woman, who belonged to seven orders, and make her sit down and take an Irish spelling-book, and begin to teach her and laugh at her about the Priest, who, they said, would be sending her to Killarney for it.

“ You will be glad to hear that the heads of six families of converts signed a paper last week and sent it to the parish Priest, a man considered of great power, as he had been at Rome, kissed the toe of his Holiness, and received the dignity of Doctor of Divinity. To this dignitary the converts sent their paper, stating that they were no longer members of his Church, and warning him to take care how he allowed their names to be mentioned in his chapel; for that they were resolved, if he should curse them, as he threatened to do the previous Sunday, to seek redress from the laws of the land. One of the converts handed the paper to the Doctor; he looked at it, and said to a woman present, ‘ Who is it that has had the audacity to give me such a paper?’ though, at the same time he was well aware who it was; for Sullivan, when telling me of it, said, ‘ He knew me as well as he did his own horse; for seventeen years we were great friends, and a good deal of my money he has handled.’ This was a *great* blow to Popery, for the whole parish heard

of it; and, as he did not turn these bold converts into goats, they are sure that he has not the power to work miracles. Sullivan is a valiant champion for the truth, and never loses an opportunity of speaking to the people, and the Priest's chief enmity is against him. Denouncing this brave man in chapel lately, he said that he was son to the devil. Sullivan's brother, who had been a determined Romanist, was present, and so offended at this epithet given to so near a relation, that he told Sullivan afterwards he was very near attacking the Priest for using such language, and that he was shaken greatly in his belief of Popery. So that Sullivan has good hopes that he will yet come out; and as he is a man of influence, he would bring many with him. He is now reading the Bible carefully. Sullivan was at a wake lately, where he had an opportunity of speaking on religious subjects. One man joined him, and said that his wife had been so ill that a Priest came and anointed her, for which he got his five shillings. A few days after, he was in Dingle market, and the Priest's clerk came to him, and said that one of the Priests would be able to cure his wife. So they went together to the Priest, who agreed to do it for three shillings, which he paid. The next day the Priest came, and after going on with

some of his tricks, he got up and went away, saying that it was not in his power to cure her, as he had found out that she had been bled. 'So I plainly see,' observed the poor man, 'they are only humbugging us out of our money.'

"We had a glorious meeting on New-year's-day at Ventry; upwards of one hundred and twenty present, from all parts of the country. Our converts came boldly forward, before four hundred people who had just come out of the chapel. The Priest remained in a neighbouring house (I suppose to look on). Eight Roman Catholics came into the school-house. The day was beautiful, the only fine one for the last three weeks. I preached from Isa. xxviii. 16, 'Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a sure foundation;' and I trust the Lord was with us. Many of the neighbours came in the crowd to aid us (if necessary); but, thank God! it all passed off very quietly, though it was a great holiday, and the chapel crowded with people. I trust the Lord has many in this place. Our prospects are most cheering; and if we are all spared another year, I trust that our school-house will not hold all that will attend. I understand that the eight Roman Catholics who heard the Word preached on New Year's-day, intend leaving

Popery, which I expected would be the case, as the courage with which they faced so great a multitude proved their sincerity. We have great cause to bless the Lord for the first-fruits of our labours at Ventry. There are two men in the country that have embraced the truth from reading the Irish Scriptures, whom I purpose to employ as Scripture Readers, if the Lord provides me with means. Being connected in the country, and acquainted with the people, they will do more than six regular Scripture Readers. It is in this way that the work is progressing in Ventry, and I am persuaded, from experience, that it is the best way to get at the people; as a man living amongst them has numerous opportunities, both day and night, to read and speak to his poor neighbours. If the Lord requires them to be employed in his work, He will (as he has ever done) provide me with the means. I should like to have a battery in every parish to the west of Dingle, and the walls of Babylon would soon have a good breach in them. May the Lord of the vineyard pour out very abundantly His spiritual blessings on the heads of His dear people, who have come forward with heart and hand to His help against the mighty! and may many, in the day of His appearing, rise up and call them

blessed, who by their liberality provided them the means of hearing the Gospel of truth proclaimed to the salvation of their souls! Peace be with them, and with all the Israel of God!"

I was much interested with my late Mission from finding it attended by so many Dissenters of all kinds. In one place I had a mixed multitude, composed of Baptists, Independents, Methodists, Quakers, Darbyites, and Walkerites which spoke volumes in favour of the Home Mission; every one of them being opposed to the Church of which the preacher was a member, and yet all coming to hear him. The Mission is certainly the greatest lever in Ireland for overturning Dissent; and if it was more countenanced by those in authority, I think Dissent would be soon at a low ebb. The Lord is doing a great work throughout the country. The day of His coming is hastening. May we be found looking for his appearing, that whether we sleep or wake, we shall meet together with Him!

In endeavouring to trace the progress of the Sun of Righteousness, from its first faint dawning over Ventry's dark mountains until the present moment when it seems risen to disperse the mists of ignorance and chase the shadows of night, many

interesting circumstances may have been omitted ; yet we trust that sufficient information will be afforded, to enable the reader to form a correct judgment of the means by which our poor ignorant wild Irishmen have been freed from the most degrading superstition, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

On the 7th of May, 1838, the Lord's faithful ambassador, who watched over these poor people with a shepherd's tender care, writes thus :—

“ I have just returned from Dublin, and find the Divine blessing still attending our feeble labours. Within the last month seven families from Dunquin have joined us, and we have fifty-six children in our school. We had service at Ventry yesterday ; the converts came from Dunquin, and our house was quite full, although the Roman Catholic Bishop, the parish Priest, and one of his curates, were outside on the road. When our people saw me coming, they ran to meet me, shook me by the hand, and were so glad to see me, before the Priest's face. He looked furious, but said nothing. After Divine service, we had our first baptism. It was a child of Sullivan's : all the congregation remained in, and it was most interesting. The Priest had been informed of this

intended baptism, and came, hoping that his presence would prevent Sullivan from bringing his child; but when he found that it was done, I am told he was like a madman. He attacked one of the converts on his way to the school-house, and told him that he was going to the devil. 'No,' said the convert, 'I am going to hear the Word of God preached, which you are keeping the people in ignorance of.' The Bishop having announced that High Mass would be celebrated at Ventry, much inquiry was excited as to the cause. 'Oh,' said some, 'now we see they are able to work a miracle at last upon the turn-coats, which they have so long threatened.' In consequence of this expectation, crowds attended the following Sunday. When Mass was over, some of the Romanists went to the converts, with whom they had been in the habit of conversing upon religious subjects, and said, 'Now we see you have the right way.' 'Why?' replied the converts, astonished. 'Because,' they added, 'we heard in the Bishop's sermon, at the chapel to-day, what we never heard there since we were born before.' 'And what was that?' 'He told us that there was no Saviour for sinners but the Lord Jesus Christ alone, and that His blood cleanseth from all sin. This we never heard a Priest say

before, and you are always telling it to us: therefore, we see you have the right way.'

"I am told that the Bishop, during his late investigation as to the causes of the defection from Papal authority at Ventry, addressed the parish Priest thus:—'I cannot impute to you want of zeal: on the contrary, your zeal seems to have been too fiery. You should not be always cursing the people. Curse them at the high festivals—curse them four times a-year; but do not be always cursing them.' On the last Sunday he told the flock that they might speak to the converts, and said, for his part he was glad to get rid of them. But some of the people remarked afterwards, it was not right for him to say that; for it was as much as to say, that he did not care whether the people went to hell or not. I have every hope that a clergyman will be sent to reside at Ventry who can preach in Irish. There is much interest excited in Dublin for Kerry. The Rev. J. Gregg has promised to come down in August, and preach for us in the native language; and Mr. Moriarty sent me word, that if I wished it, and the Lord permitted, he would come and reside in Dingle all next winter, preach about the country, hold controversial lectures, and invite the Priests to discuss their doctrines.

“When the Lord is opening so many doors for setting forth the truth, and putting it into the hearts of his servants who are capable of speaking to the people in their own language, I trust that he has much work to be done. One of our poor Dunquin converts* who knows not a word of English, but who is taught of God, was enabled on Saturday to contend against an hundred people in the streets of Dingle, who abused him for becoming a Protestant, but he overcame them all by the ‘sword of the Spirit.’ It was a glorious sight to see a poor creature boldly proclaim the Gospel to a whole town; it is a cause of great thankfulness to God. I hope yet to build a large school-house, and perhaps a church, at Ventry; our house is already too small for the congregation. May the Lord’s blessing rest upon us, and upon his Word, without which our labours would be in vain: and may the dear friends who laboured for, strengthened, and aided us, experience in the comfortable assurance of the love of God, shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Spirit, ‘that it is more blessed to give than to receive.’

“P. S.—A short time since the Priest at Ventry, when mass was over, told his flock that he would

* Paddy Conner.

give them leave to go and fish for herrings that had appeared off the coast, provided they gave him a penny a man for permission to do it on Sunday; this they willingly did, thinking they would be very successful; but not a boat caught a fish. The Ventry boat went out on the following morning (Monday) and soon brought in five hundred."

It is seldom that the bright expectations of happiness which we are so prone to base upon the sandy foundations of this world are realized; very seldom, if even granted our heart's most ardent desire, do we find the object attained, repay the anxieties attendant on its pursuit; or, should it be otherwise, the consciousness of the uncertain tenure upon which our treasure is possessed, must infuse many a bitter drop in the cup of enjoyment. There is but one rock upon which we can build securely, and that Rock is Christ. It is true, that we are not to expect while our heavenward edifice is rising a state of undisturbed repose; on the contrary, we are told that the rain may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it, yet it shall not fall because its foundation is sure. How strikingly has this Divine promise been fulfilled in the case of Ventry. How

wonderfully have the leadings of Providence been manifested in all its attendant circumstances. The hopeful sanguine spirit of the Lord's favoured instrument there, glanced through clouds of discouragement, overleaped mountains of difficulty, and with the eye of faith turning to the Rock upon which his hopes were fixed, persevered in his labour of love. That labour has been amply rewarded, these hopes have been fully realized, and still more exalted hopes, still brighter prospects, are opening to his view.

It may well be imagined with what fulness of delight the poor Irish converts, assembled at Dingle, Ventry, Dunquin, and other remote villages in this wild romantic region, heard Mr. Gregg address them in their loved native tongue. His eloquence in English is too well known to need comment, but those who were qualified to judge have said, that he appeared to pour out his whole soul as he described the Saviour's love in the pathetic heart-touching expressions of the Irish language. Old things, indeed, were passed away, all was new. The light of truth was shining upon them with unclouded brilliancy, and the dark grim spectres of superstition were gliding fast away.

But there was a closer, dearer cause of thankful-

ness and joy to these affectionate people, a gratified self-appropriating feeling swelled every bosom as they looked upon Mr. Moriarty, and heard him proclaim the wonderful works of God. They knew that he had once been led captive by the same soul-destroying errors from which they had been so mercifully delivered; he stood before them a preacher of righteousness, and to crown all, he was a Kerryman. The effect of these interesting meetings was soon manifested in the increasing desire of the people for religious instruction; and the necessity for immediate exertion in a cause which had hitherto been so highly-favoured, determined Mr. G—— on visiting England, and laying the object which he had so deeply at heart before his Christian brethren there.

And although he landed on the fair shores of Albion at a particularly unfavourable season, when many of the inhabitants of the great towns were dispersed at various watering-places, he did not plead in vain; but returned to cheer the hearts of his people with the tidings of the kind reception which he had met, and the hopes that were given him of future aid. It would be difficult to convey to the reader a just idea of the enthusiastic greetings with which the poor converts welcomed back their beloved minister; while, with

warmth congenial, his heart responded to every expression of their grateful attachment. Surrounded by his Christian brethren, Irish Inspector, Teachers, scholars, and converts, he returned thanks to Almighty God for the mercies already vouchsafed, and implored a blessing on all their future undertakings.

While contemplating the beautiful union of cheerful hopeful exertion, and perfect amity in which, from the Lord's ambassador to the humblest Irish scholar, all seem with one heart and one mind combined to advance their Lord's cause at Ventry and its neighbouring villages, we are forcibly impressed by the sad contrast presented in an account of a recent visit to the monks of the order of La Trappe, at Mount Melloray. No sound of joyful gratulation, no song of praise, lightens the dreary monotony of their painful self-inflicted toil. But we shall give the picture as drawn by our pious and enlightened correspondent, who writes thus :—

“ I accompanied some friends yesterday to the immense Popish establishment of Mount Melloray, about nine miles from Lismore ; part of the drive was extremely beautiful, but when we arrived at *this* wild romantic spot, truly melancholy it was *to see* patience and labour, worthy of the best

and highest of all objects, thrown away by these poor monks on a system so degrading and soul-destroying as that for which they appear to be wearing themselves out, in their difficult and trying undertaking. With their own hands building a church and monastery, and reclaiming five hundred acres of cold, rocky, mountain land, which this season, has yielded them potatoes so miserable in size and quality, that we were absolutely shocked to see these unfortunate men making their silent wretched meal upon such unwholesome food. The dress of the order is hideous in the extreme, and it made me shudder to look at the melancholy attenuated countenances, of which I could only obtain a partial glance, from underneath the cowl, which hung very low over their faces. I felt that I could truly say, 'My heart's desire, and prayer to God is,' that they may be brought to know 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' But, alas! they seem so widely distant from it as yet, that it requires a sanguine faithful spirit, like Mr. G——'s, to be very hopeful in a case such as that of the poor benighted Trappists." With God, all things are possible. Oh! how often does the sunshine of this blessed assurance chase every shadow of despondency from the Christian's soul, and cause the springs of hope to gush out

anew, and revive the drooping spirit. Shall we not then raise our eyes from all mortal hinderances to the Rock of our salvation; and trust, that our dear Roman Catholic countrymen may be freed from the galling chains of mental slavery; and, feeling the love of Christ constraining them to do all things for his glory, cast off every burden, and go on their way rejoicing.

The battle of Ventry harbour, of which every Kerryman has some new wonder to relate, was fought (but at what period, it is difficult to ascertain) between the Danes and the Irish. The strand at Ventry, which, even opposing accounts agree to have been the scene of this long-protracted and sanguinary strife, extends for more than a mile; and about two hundred yards from this far-famed strand, on a rising ground, a little to one side of the harbour and commanding a varied and extensive sea view, with Mount Eagle and Marne Peak to the rear, shrouding their lofty summits in the clouds and facing the romantic Ivragh range of mountains, is the site granted by Lord Ventry for the erection of a church, clergyman's residence, and school-house; the latter, though only commenced last October, according to our Irish Inspector's report, is already so nearly completed, that Mr. G—— hopes to hail the New-

year by holding the Irish meeting beneath its roof, and thus consecrating its first service to the Irish cause. "I challenge the County Kerry," exclaimed D——, while his honest countenance glowed with pleasure, "to match that school-house in all respects; for size, it will hold two hundred and fifty of us, and as to situation, it may defy the world. 'Oh! boys,' said I,—when they began to tell me how the Priest wished that his curse might be down upon the head of any one that aided in building that same school-house,—'Boys,' said I, 'don't you remember how, when the temple was rebuilding under Nehemiah, "every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon?" now yours is God's own work;' and the saying pleased them greatly. Not that they had regarded the Priest's curse," continued D——, "for they are accustomed to it."

We are assured that "the curse causeless shall not come," and so it has proved at Ventry, where excommunication in all its dreadful inflictions, has lost its wonted power, and every malediction pronounced on the poor converts seems only to draw down a more immediate blessing.

The clergyman's house will soon form another pleasing object in the interesting picture of the

missionary settlement; and the *church* above all, looking down upon the old chapel, and offering its peaceful sanctuary to the poor and afflicted, who long to hear the Word of God preached in their own dear native tongue, and to join in the Irish hymn of praise; the *church*, whose foundation-stone will be laid in faith, and whose walls will be raised by love; the *church*, the first in Ireland, where the redeeming mercies of Christ may, through the beloved medium of the native language, sink into the poor untaught peasant's heart, and wake his inmost soul to prayer and praise;—the first in Ireland where our beautiful Litany and form of prayer shall, every Lord's-day gladden the spirits of our humble country-people; not in an unknown tongue, but in that to which their hearts adhere in weal or woe—

“The language cherished in their bosom's core,”

That *church*, we trust, shall soon arise—soon be filled with those who “worship in spirit and in truth,” and soon echo to the voice of one, who himself delivered from Papal bondage, will know how to “comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, and be patient towards all men.”

But how shall all this be effected?—

Not "by power, nor by might, saith the Lord."
My funds, are the hearts of my own ;
My servants that honour my Word
Shall soon let that honour be known.
My Church in the desert shall rise,
I bless it, and it shall be blest ;
The simple shall there become wise,
And there shall the weary find rest.

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